

EARLY REMINISCENCES









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BY GENERAL

MR DANIEL LYSONS, G.C.B.

WRETCHER OF THE TOWER

WITNESS OF THE CRIMEAN WAR FROM FIRST TO LAST

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE AUTHOR'S SKETCHES

LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET

1896



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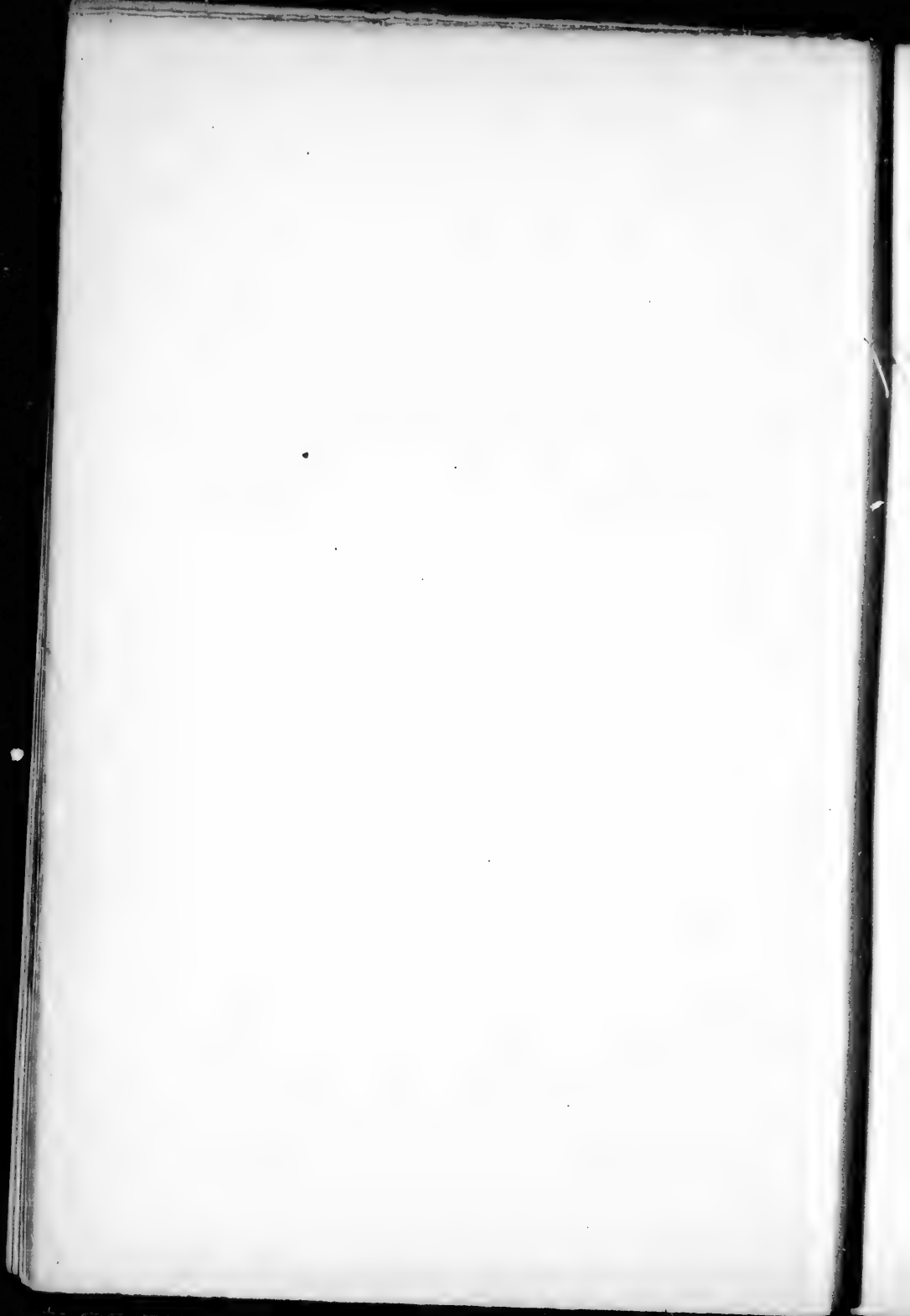
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DEDICATED  
TO  
HIS OLDEST FRIEND  
SIR THOMAS ERSKINE, BART.  
OF  
CAMBO



## PREFACE

My little volume on the Crimean War having been favourably received by the press and by the public, I have ventured to write a few experiences and adventures of my earlier life. They are such as fall to the lot of ordinary mortals, but, as many of them refer to days when ladies went to parties in sedan chairs, when gentlemen fought their battles in the morning with swords and pistols, and when railways were unknown, my reminiscences may be of interest to some, and my exploits in the forest and on the fjord may be amusing to others; while the fighting through a rebellion and the description of a shipwreck may be considered as *pièces de résistance* for the more thoughtful.





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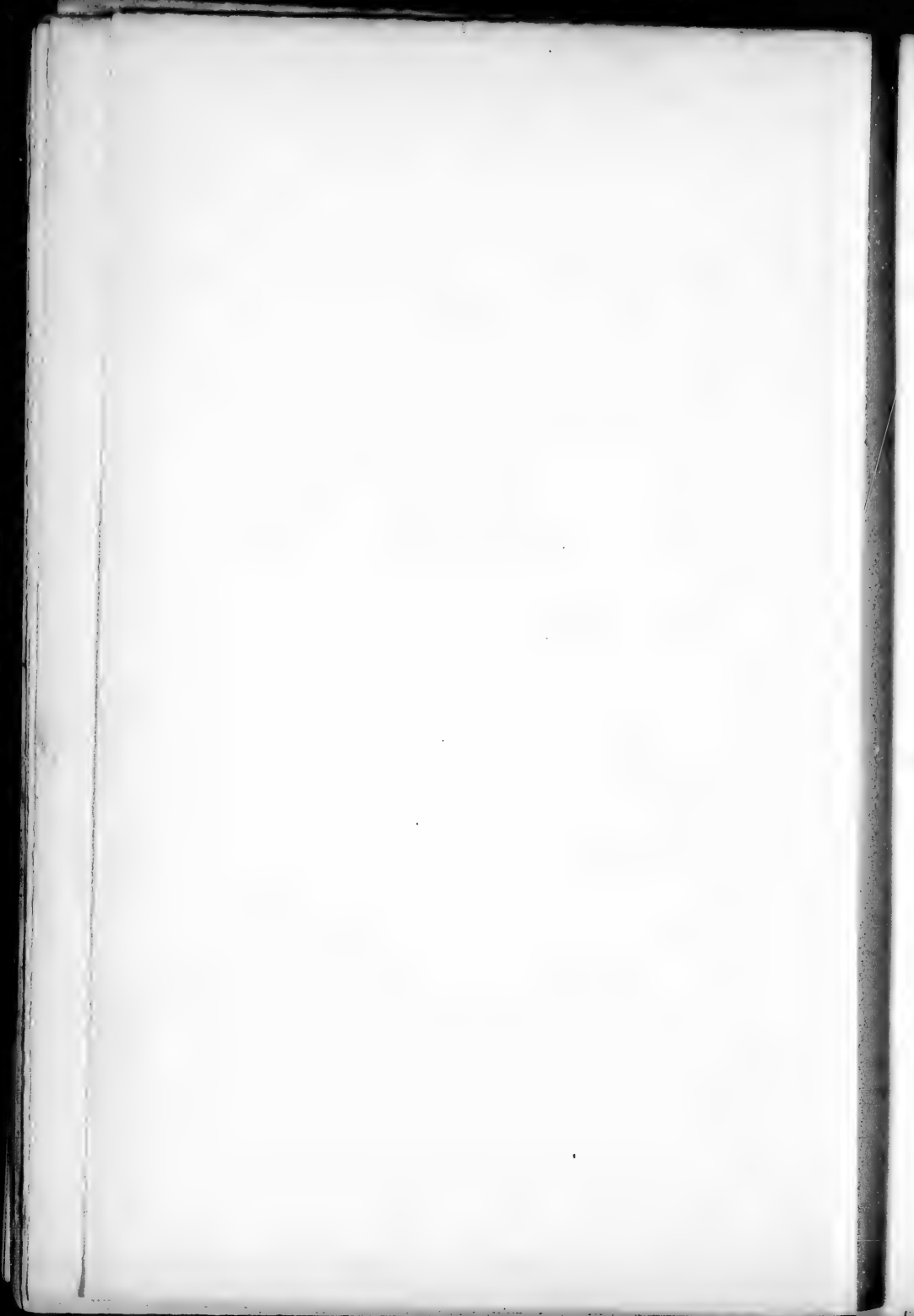
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## CHAPTER I

Family tree—Caractacus—Shoes and stockings for King Charles's army—The cognizance of the Black Prince.

It is customary, I believe, when writing an autobiography, to begin with a description of one's ancestors for two or three hundred years before making one's appearance on the world's stage ; on the principle, I suppose, that as life is so short it is as well to get a good balance credit before opening the account.

My father and uncle were well-known and distinguished antiquaries and authors. They wrote the *Environs of London*, *The Magna Britannia*, and other works still considered the best authorities. My brother also took up the running, and cultivated our ancient family tree so successfully that its roots struck down to Adam. I remember seeing about half-way up



the trunk a big knot with the name of Carac-tacus on it. He was the gentleman who was said to have gone to Rome and burnt his fingers in a charcoal brazier, and whose daughter married General Pudens, Claudius Cæsar's Quartermaster - General. According to my brother's account, we are lineally descended from that ancient Briton.

One of my ancestors, Mr. Thomas Lysons, was Mayor of Worcester in 1651; and he had the honour of receiving King Charles II. in that city. The following notice of it occurs in Boscobel, p. 6:—

“The next day after His Majesty's arrival being Saturday, 23rd August, he was proclaimed King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, by Mr. Thomas Lisons, Mayor, and Mr. James Bridges, Sheriff of that loyal city, with great acclamation.”

Heath also mentions this circumstance in his *Chronicle of the Civil War*, and Clarendon in his *History of the Rebellion* further states: “The city opened their gates and received the king with all the demonstrations of affection and duty that could be expressed, and made

such provision for the army that it wanted nothing that it could desire ; the Mayor, Mr. Thomas Lysons, taking care for the present provision of shoes and stockings, the want whereof in so long a march was very apparent and grievous."

The army was said to number 13,000. They had marched from Scotland, 300 miles, in three weeks.

The following account of the crest, arms, and motto of the family may be of interest.

The sun rising out of a bank of clouds. This was the cognizance of Edward the Black Prince, which he permitted his followers to assume. Amongst those followers was a large Welch contingent to the number of 1000, some say 6000 and others 12,000. Among them were one or two of the family of Leison, who have borne this cognizance ever since. The occasion of its assumption was as follows :—

"In 1345 King Edward, being in France with his army about to engage with King Philip VI. at Crécy (Cressy), gave the chief command to his son the young Prince of Wales, then sixteen years old.

"A little before the fight began, God, to show that He was Lord of Hosts and the only giver of victory, caused the black clouds to pour down upon them plenty of water, like so many funeral tears, enarching the air with a spacious rainbow, and discharged sundry peals of thunder. The sun also, which before had hid his face under a black cloud, now broke forth, shining full in the Frenchmen's faces and on the backs of the Englishmen."—*Harleian Miscellany*, vol. iii. p. 138.

Froissart says it was an eclipse of the sun.

"In gratitude for the signal victory thus obtained by the intervention of Providence, the young prince assumed the cognizance which recorded the fact."

Dellaway's *Heraldic Researches* says: "It was the cognizance of the Black Prince, and the motto 'Valebit' became, probably, the war-cry of the prince's followers."

Doubtless other Welch families have a right to the same arms, though from the rarity of this bearing few seem to have retained them.

The earliest record I have of my own existence is my baptismal certificate, which

states that I was born on the 1st of August 1816 at Rodmarton, in the county of Gloucester; and as the rector of the parish has signed this valuable document, I suppose it must be true, but I don't recollect it.



RODMARTON CHURCH

During my early years I indulged in the usual juvenile occupations of scarlet fever, whooping cough, measles, etc., and invariably, as in duty bound, selected the most inconvenient times for these little "divertissements."

In those times the springs and summers were beautiful; they were the grand old days

when King George was on the throne. I remember hearing of His Majesty's death, and the accession and coronation of King William. There was a great village feast on the occasion, and there were little flags and coloured lamps hung all about the trees. I danced with the girls on the village green. Those were jolly days!

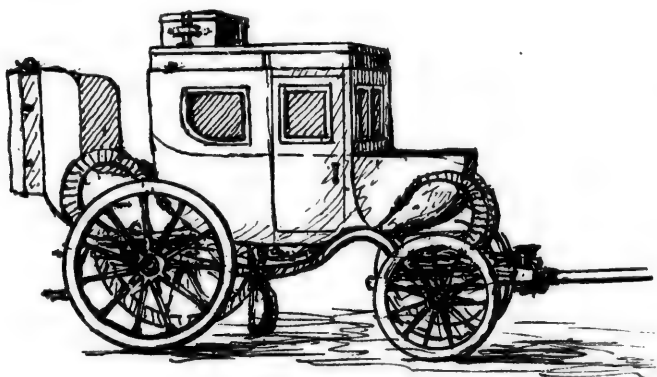
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## CHAPTER II

Travels abroad—Duke of Kent's carriage—The Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg—Lord Burghersh's concert—My sister's wedding.

THE first great event of my life was a trip abroad with my father, mother, three sisters, and brother. There were no railways at that time and but few steamers. My father purchased two wonderful travelling carriages for the journey, one of which had been built at Vienna for the Duke of Kent. It was a ponderous thing, but very comfortable and convenient. It had windows in front and a long boot sticking out underneath them ; at night you could push up the lower part of the front and draw out two very comfortable beds. This arrangement was called a *Dormeuse*. Behind there was a heavy-looking rumble, with an Imperial strapped to the back of it ; there were also Imperials on the top of the carriage.

The second vehicle was a comfortable chariot, with a coach-box in front and a dickey behind. It was fitted inside with a writing-desk, containing drawers and pigeon-holes, very convenient for the girls when at their lessons. We had a good Swiss courier



TRAVELLING CARRIAGE

(“Henri”), a footman (Richard Eyles), and a maid (Hannah Boxwell).

On the 22nd May 1824 we started from Dover in the steamer *Arrow*. The wind blew hard, and it took us over six hours to get to Calais. I can't say I quite enjoyed the trip, though the fish seemed highly delighted to make my acquaintance. We then travelled

post to Brussels, Cologne, and up the Rhine, sleeping one night in the old convent on the island of Rolandswerth, now called Nonnenwerth, then used as an hotel, to which we crossed in a ferry-boat, leaving our carriages at Rolandseck; from there we went on to Frankfort.

While we were staying there my father drove over by invitation to lunch with the Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg, the daughter of George III., who then lived at the Schloss at Homburg, and to present to her Royal Highness the last volume of his work the *Magna Britannia*. I had the good fortune to be taken over in the carriage. I was not to go in to the luncheon; but as far as I can recollect, I was very well taken care of, and I clearly remember being sent to see some very big fish in a pond.

From Frankfort we travelled on to Switzerland; and having arrived at Zug, my brother, my eldest sister, and I, started off on an excursion up the Rigi. When we were half-way up the mountain it came on to rain; however, we got to the chalet, my sister riding on a mule, my brother and I walking. There was



no grand hotel in those days, only a simple Swiss chalet, where we found one German gentleman who had been waiting several days to see the sun rise. Next day the weather continued very bad. We had no books, pens, or paper; all we could find in the house was part of a pack of cards, so we set to work and invented a game to suit the cards we had. This attracted the attention of the phlegmatic German, and we soon fraternised; and although my sister and I could not understand a word he said, we became great friends and passed quite a merry time. On the fourth day, seeing no chance of a change, and thinking our friends below might be getting anxious about us, we determined to make a start and try to get down to rejoin our family party. We succeeded, but not without some difficulty and a little danger; my sister was carried down in a *chaise à porteur*. All the little streamlets were swollen into torrents and very difficult to cross; however, we got safe to our friends again.

At Berne we remained some weeks and met several friends and acquaintances; a part of the time Lord Byron was there.

I will not attempt to describe the countries or places through which we passed, as the recollections of boyhood would be of little value. I will only allude to a few incidents that stand out prominently in my memory, like milestones, to mark the lapse of time.

We visited many beautiful places in Switzerland, and then crossed the Simplon to Milan, where I went to the celebrated theatre "La Scala" and heard my first opera. The *Donna del Lago* was performed, and Garcia was prima donna. I thought it very beautiful, and the ballet amused me much, but I have seen far better dancing since.

From Milan we travelled on to Bologna, and there I remember well seeing the races, which were run by horses without riders. It was a curious sight; first the horses were led along the course to be looked at. They were a wretched lot, covered with little flappers having spurs on them to urge them on,—with the exception of one, a fine-looking horse with nothing on him but a little blue distinguishing flag fastened at the bottom of his mane; we were told he was an English horse, and that he

had won several races. We were well placed in a window not far from the finish. We heard the shouting of the people as the horses approached us. First came the English horse taking it quite easy. The crowd closed in behind him, and it was several minutes before the other horses came. At last we saw them galloping along, all together, with their flappers and flags flying all about ; which was first it was difficult to say, but there was no doubt about the winner.

From Bologna we travelled on over the Apennines, and arrived at the New York Hotel, in Florence, on the 7th of October. All this long journey from Switzerland we performed with vetturino horses, assisted up the steep parts of the Apennines by a pair of oxen to each carriage.

After a short stay at the hotel my father succeeded in procuring excellent apartments, the first floor of the Palazzo Settimanni, with a few rooms on the ground-floor, which he took for six months ; the owner, Marchesa Settimanni, retiring to the upper part of the building. The rooms were splendid ; I re-

member well the hall, 75 feet by 45 and lofty in proportion.

The society at Florence, both English as well as Italian, was very large and distinguished. Amongst other celebrities was a very rich Russian, Count Demidoff, who derived the greater part of his wealth from gold mines and malachite quarries. He had a splendid house, with a theatre attached to it, and gave magnificent entertainments. Mr. and Mrs. George Baring, the founders of the sect that bore their name, were also there, and we found many friends and relations.

Lord Burghersh, who was our Minister, and who was a very talented amateur musician, had composed an opera, which he was busy in getting up when we arrived. My sisters had developed a considerable talent for music ; and as they took lessons from the celebrated master, Signor Magnelli, who was to be leader of the orchestra at the opera, they were soon enlisted into the company of chorus singers. Our cousins, the Pocklingtons, were also of the number.

The first grand performance came off on the

16th November, some fine singers taking the principal parts, — Signora Bonini, Veluti, the famous soprano, Franceschini, and Madame Bomballes, lady of the Austrian Ambassador. The performance was a great success, and about 700 people were present. The opera was repeated several times afterwards.

From Florence we went on to Pisa, and after a stay of some weeks there returned to Florence.

At Palazzo Settimanni my father and mother gave some very good musical parties, in which Peselli, Magnelli, Campana, Fabri, the Pocklingtons, and my sisters sang. My youngest sister, quite a child, who acquitted herself extraordinarily well, was considered quite a prodigy.

Towards the end of the summer we went up to the baths of Lucca, where we found a few friends, including Sir James Carnegie, whose acquaintance we had made at Florence.

On the 31st August we left the baths and went on to Genoa. We passed through a wild mountainous country till we came to a tunnel or gallery, emerging from which we suddenly burst out on to a splendid view of the bay and

proud city of Genoa, which struck me as the most beautiful thing I had seen. From Genoa we went back by Spezia to Florence.

On the 11th October we started again with a procession of four carriages, each with four horses,—our two leviathans, Sir James Carnegie's, and the carriage of Mrs. Pochin, a friend of my father. It was not considered safe travelling in that part of Italy at the time, so after dark we took an escort of one Austrian soldier on each carriage, which I thought great fun.

On the 15th October we arrived at Rome, and put up at the Hotel de l'Europe. After seeing sights for two, or three days, we drove on again to Naples. There my father got very good apartments in the Chiaja, No. 61, about 200 yards from the west end of the Villa Reale.

Here, on the 14th November 1825, my beautiful sister and favourite playfellow, Charlotte, was married to Sir James Carnegie. The ceremony took place at the house of the British Ambassador, Mr. Hill. He and his attaché were present, and the Rev. Mr. Battis-

combe officiated. There was a grand *déjeuner* at our house; but it was a sad day for me—I lost my best companion.

On the 21st of January, in the following year, I saw a rare sight in Naples—deep snow! The Lazaroni became quite lively and made snow men.

In Naples my father, mother, and sisters went out very much in society. Amongst many other houses, they went to evening parties at Princess Gabrielli's, the daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, whom they also met there. My sisters took singing lessons of the famous master, Crescentini, and the celebrated Catalani often came to our house. She was getting old, but would sometimes sing quietly and most good-naturedly to us. We passed an agreeable winter at Naples, which we left on 28th February 1826, travelling back to Rome, where we arrived on the 2nd March. My father took a charming house on the Trinità dei Monti; it had been the residence of Claude Lorraine. From the windows there was a splendid view of St. Peter's, the castle of St. Angelo, with the Monte Mario in the

background, and the Hotel de l'Europe just below us, where Sir James Carnegie and my sister were staying.

I saw many of the grand ceremonies at St. Peter's, and was much impressed by the Pope's benediction given from a balcony in front of the church.

We left Rome again on the 27th April 1826 and travelled north to Venice, where we put up at the Albergo Reale on the Riva dei Schiavoni, opposite the island and church of St. Giorgio. My father hired a very nice gondola, and the good gondoliere, with whom I made great friends, taught me to row the gondola, not an easy thing to do with only one long oar.

On the 19th May we set off again through Styria to Vienna; and then, having visited Salzburg, Innsbruck, and Munich, we made our way once more to the beautiful valley of Interlaken, where we arrived on the 29th July. It was a most delightful place in those days. There was only one hotel, built like a chalet, to which we went at first, but afterwards we moved into Sicler's boarding-house. The walks about the mountains were beautiful.



Our first excursion was to the valley of Lauterbrunnen, where we saw the lofty fall of the Staubach. We then went over the Great and Little Scheidegg to Grindelwald, on to the glacier of Rosenlauri and the falls of the Reichenbach, then back to Interlaken by Meiringen and Brienz. On the highest point of the Little Scheidegg we suddenly turned from scorching sun to a mass of deep snow, and I remember my sister saying she had picked strawberries with one hand and gathered snow with the other; probably she made rather a "long arm." It puts me in mind of a story I heard in Canada of an officer of the Coldstream Guards, who boasted of having made a wonderful right and left shot, killing a snipe with one barrel and a large bull moose with the other. So he did, but the first shot was fired in September, the second in the February following.

I caught some fish in the lake of Brienz, and discovered a little lake which was full of crayfish, which I used to catch in considerable numbers. My method of fishing for them was simple. I lay down on the bank quietly and

put my hand into the holes underneath it ; the crayfish caught hold of my fingers and I pulled them out ; when a big one came he generally let me know.

We made many other beautiful excursions, my father, who was very lame, crossing the mountains in a *chaise à porteur*, my brother and I walking, the rest of the party either riding on mules or walking ; it was most enjoyable.

On the 4th September we left Interlaken with great regret. We then journeyed on to Geneva, passing round by the Savoy side of the lake through Thonon ; from Geneva we travelled post to Dijon.

### CHAPTER III

Home again—School-days—Old times at Bath—Dramatic *fête*—Off to France—An old-fashioned *table d'hôte*—Revolution of 1830—Down the Rhône in a rowing-boat—A comfortable hotel—Nîmes.

ON the 3rd October I left my father and mother, and returned to England with my brother, he to college, I to school. For the following few years I had to enjoy the charms of education, first at a private school at Bath, kept by the Rev. Harvey Marryat (it was called the "Madras Classical School"), then at Shrewsbury School, under the celebrated Dr. Butler. I was never a brilliant classical scholar; but I was very good at mathematics and geography, and a capital swimmer and diver. On two occasions, when at Shrewsbury, I had the good fortune to save boys from drowning.

The first was a very simple case. I was walking home from our bathing-place with a

friend, when we saw a fellow gesticulating and shouting on the bank of the river. We ran up to him and found his companion, a big town boy, positively drowning within arm's length of the bank. I ran down to the water's edge just as he sank, I believe, the second time. He came up again and I seized him by the wrist, my companion caught my other hand, and the lad who had been shouting got hold of him; we all three pulled away and landed the unfortunate fellow, three-parts drowned.

The second occasion happened at what was called the big bathing-place. A boy called Buntz Hickman, who could not swim a stroke, was wading about on a sandbank. Suddenly he shouted out, "Help! help! I can't stop myself," and sure enough he had waded in too deep, and was being carried down bodily by the strong stream into deep water. I was not far off, bathing also. I swam to his assistance, just reaching him as the water was playfully dappling under his chin. I got round behind him, and told him to keep still and not catch hold of me. He was very good, and let me take hold of him under his two arms. I then swam

with him diagonally down stream across the river, and landed him safely on the opposite bank. Unfortunately I had forgotten that his clothes were left on the other side; however, we soon set that right by swimming over and bringing them to him in bundles tied on our heads. Very many years afterwards I received a letter from him reminding me of the incident, and thanking me for saving his life.

I usually spent my holidays at home, but one year I was fortunate enough to be taken to Bath. In those days Bath was as fashionable as London, and during the season was the place of resort for the highest people in the land. One year my father took a house there for the whole family, me amongst the number. Perhaps what I remember most vividly are the excellent "Sally Lunn's," the brown Georges, and Oliver's biscuits; but I also recollect a very smart party given by my mother. I ran down to see the ladies arrive in their Sedan chairs. First I heard a tremendous double knock at the door; as soon as the door was opened, in came two stalwart men in long blue coats with capes, bearing the chair, which they put down in the

middle of the passage. The poles were run back, and as soon as the door of the house was closed, one man stepped up and raised the square top, while the other, hat in hand, opened the door of the chair, and out from her band-box walked a dainty lady in full dress. On leaving the house the chair was carried out backwards; it was then put down on the pavement while the chairmen turned to the right-about, ran the poles into their proper places, and put the ends of them in the leather slings that hung from their shoulders, and off they went. I saw all the ladies arrive and go away; this, I thought, with the exception of the supper, was the best part of the entertainment.

The theatre at Bath was then in very high repute, many of the most celebrated actors making their *débuts* on its boards. There was, moreover, a great Bath Dramatic *Fête* every year that people flocked from all parts of the country to see. I remember the following story which I heard about it :—

A gentleman in Scotland was anxious to see the *fête*. He wrote, and, after much

trouble, succeeded in getting a ticket for seven guineas, and secured a bed at the York House Hotel. He travelled night and day, arriving in Bath in the afternoon, got some dinner, and then went up to his room to get a nap before dressing, telling the boots to awake him at seven o'clock. He was very tired after his journey, and soon slept soundly. At seven o'clock the boots came and called him. The gentleman looked about, rubbed his eyes, and said, "Oh, it can't be seven, it is daylight." "Yes, sir," said the boots, "it has been daylight for the last hour and more." "But the *fête*!" "Yes, sir, a great success; the ladies and gentlemen have only just come back from it." It was morning!

During the holidays of 1831 it was decided that I was to go into the army, and I was consequently taken away from Shrewsbury school, and sent to the south of France to learn French. My elder brother, who was a capital linguist, volunteered to take me.

I started with my brother in a small steamer and crossed to Havre. We went on in a river steamer up the Seine to Rouen, where we stopped a day to see the beautiful churches, the

Grande Horloge, etc. ; and then, finding that all the places in the diligences were taken for several days to come, my brother joined with a gentleman we met at the *table d'hôte* in the purchase of an old phaeton, in which we travelled post to Paris, where we sold our vehicle again with very little loss. We stayed at the "Hotel de Bruxelles," Rue Richelieu, corner of Rue St-Honoré, a good old-fashioned house. We there made acquaintance with a real *table d'hôte* ; the host, a grand old French gentleman, Monsieur Laddriere, sat at the head of the table, his wife opposite to him, and his daughter, a fine handsome girl, sat next to my brother. A few years later he became very intimately acquainted with the family, as he happened to be staying at the hotel during the revolution of 1830, including the "Three glorious days of July," and was instrumental in saving the hotel from destruction, by going to the gates at the right moment with his handsome young friend, the daughter of the hotel, and two bottles of wine under his arms, and inviting some of the patriots to come in and fire from the windows. The heaviest part of the fighting was round



that hotel; the young lady received the *croix d'honneur* afterwards.

A great friend of my brother, a regular John Bull, boasted that he had travelled all over France, using only two phrases: "et moi aussi," and "c'est égal," and he certainly used them with great success. At the commencement of the troublous times, he wished to see everything that was going on, so he followed the crowds about. One day he found a great stampede, all going in one direction. Being very anxious to find out where all the people were going, he took out his little vocabulary and hunted out what he thought would do; he hit upon "Où va tout le monde?" and tried to get it off by heart, reading as he went along, "Où va tout le monde?" "Où va tout le monde?" glancing up now and then. At last he thought he saw a good-natured looking Frenchman, so he seized him by the button-hole, and came out with his "Où va tout le monde?" The man stared at him for a moment, then burst out laughing and shouted, "How the devil should I know?" He was an Englishman, who could speak no French.

To return to our journey, we rumbled on by diligence to Dijon, and then by small steamers along the canals and down the Saône to Lyons. There my brother endeavoured to purchase a boat to go down the Rhône, but the weather was so bad that we had to go on by land to Valence, where he was able to carry out his intention, buying one of the open, flat-bottomed boats of the country, and hiring a man who was said to be a good oar and to know the river well. We shot all the rapids successfully, and arriving at St-Andiol the first night went to the hotel, a very primitive establishment. A stout, good-natured looking landlady came out to receive us, and ushered us up into a large square room, with a substantial, rough-looking table in the centre, and four very broad beds in each corner. She said the beds were calculated to carry eight persons each, but as no one had as yet come in we should probably have one all to ourselves.

We got a very fair supper, and then set to work and barricaded the door with all the articles of furniture we could find in the room

—there was no lock to it—this done, we turned in, each in a separate octuple bed. Tired after our long day's work, having both of us taken an oar, we slept till morning, without having to sustain a siege.

As soon as we removed the barricades and opened the door, in order to get some water, we were invaded by a multitude of women and children from the village, who insisted on remaining to see us dress, and pulled all our things out of our carpet-bags. We had some difficulty in preventing them putting them on. Their astonishment culminated when we began to clean our teeth ; they all stood round us and exclaimed in wonder, "*Vois donc ! ils polissent leurs dents.*" The moment we had finished and put down our tooth-brushes, there was a general rush for them, each wishing to "*polir ses dents,*" in succession ; they were much surprised when we strenuously put a stop to their proceedings.

At length our landlady came to our relief, and turned them all out that we might have our breakfast. We then asked for our bill. However ignorant the good old lady may have

been in other matters, she knew well how to make charges, which we found to be about six times as much as the highest Paris prices. My brother offered to pay the same as he had done in Paris, but refused to pay more, and there was a great fight. At last he said he would go and show the bill to the Prefect, and we sallied forth to carry our threat into execution; but no one would tell us the way to the Préfecture, so we walked quietly up the street, and fortunately came across a fine-looking gendarme. He was very civil, and told us at once where to go, and offered to accompany us. At this juncture the hotel people, who had been following us in the distance, rushed up, and begged us not to go to the Prefect, promising to take anything we liked rather than that we should do so. An agreement was soon arrived at; we thanked our civil gendarme, and all returned together, the landlady immediately resuming her *bonhomie*. We had a grand procession down to our boat, the landlady at the head of it, and we parted the best of friends, our worthy hostess presenting us with a bottle of excellent sparkling red wine as we embarked.

So ended our somewhat amusing visit to St-Andiol.

We continued our trip down the Rhône, shot the Pont St-Esprit in safety, and arrived at Avignon, where we sold our boat, and went on by diligence to Nîmes.

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## CHAPTER IV

Nîmes—Monsieur Frossard—Interesting excursions—A nice cup of tea—"Soupe au caillou"—Haunted room—A real live ghost—First ironworks at Alais—Albin Colomb.

I SPENT two very happy years at Nîmes with Monsieur Frossard, who had married a cousin of mine, Miss Trye; he was an extremely clever, accomplished Protestant clergyman. During the time I was with him, he was employed in writing a book entitled, "*Tableaux Pittoresques, Scientifiques, et Morals de Nîmes et de ses environs à vingt lieues à la ronde*" (E. B. D. Frossard).

He was illustrating the work himself, not only taking the sketches from nature, but drawing them with very fine steel pens on smooth stones ready for the printer's hand; they were very artistic and successful. I had the advantage of accompanying him on all his excursions in quest of information and sketches.

We visited a great many very interesting places—amongst others, Aiguesmortes, built on the sands close to the Mediterranean. It was surrounded by a wall with towers, very like what one can imagine Troy to have been. In the inn, which was very primitive, we got supper, and asked if they could give us some tea. "Oh yes," said the maid with the wooden shoes, "I will send to the chemist; I know he has it." Supper came; we ate what was put before us. There were some enormous oysters, but we discovered that most of them were inhabited by little crabs which we did not relish. There was another dish we did not like the appearance of—a dark-looking mashed vegetable. At last we asked if our tea was coming. "Mais le voilà, Monsieur," said the damsel of the wooden shoes, pointing to the rejected vegetable. She assured us she had boiled it three or four times in fresh water, but could not get it to look quite clean! Tea was little known then in France. At Nîmes I was invited to an afternoon party by a lady who had visited England. As a compliment to me she gave tea, which was served very nicely

on a pretty little table, everything complete. I happened to hand the sugar—which was in a handsome little silver basin, with a very pretty pair of sugar-tongs on the top of it—to a lady. She took up the tongs, examined them carefully, exclaiming, “*Mais que c'est joli,*” and helped herself to sugar with her fingers.

We also visited St-Gilles, where there is a very ancient and richly-ornamented façade to the church; there are three doors in it, each surmounted by a large semicircular arch, the whole façade being covered with the most elaborate carving on stone. There is also a celebrated tower at St-Gilles, containing a curious spiral staircase, called “*La Vis de St-Gilles,*” which is much thought of and studied by architects. The peculiarity of it is that the same stone which forms a step is so shaped underneath as to form a portion of the arched roof or ceiling of the stairs below; this arched ceiling, which is smooth and even, winds continuously from the bottom to the top of the tower. When I was there the upper part of the tower was in ruins.



We visited Arles, celebrated for its Roman antiquities, and its pretty girls with their head-dresses of broad black ribbon ; Beaucaire, where the great annual fair was held ; Avignon, where the palace of the duplicate Popes still remains ; the grand Roman aqueduct called the Pont du Gard, and many other places of interest. We also traversed the wild stony plains of the Tanargue, and rejoiced in the picturesque beauties of the Cevennes.

Mr. Frossard was a charming companion, and we tramped along the roads carrying our valises slung over our shoulders, singing, laughing, and telling stories ; it was a merry time.

We were returning from a very pleasant trip to Alais, when we stopped late in the evening at a curious old inn which had been an ancient château. When we asked if they could give us beds, the landlord said the inn was full of returning drovers, but if "le jeune homme" did not object to sleeping in the haunted room, he thought he could manage it. I said I was not in the least afraid of ghosts, so it was arranged accordingly. We had a

very fair supper all amongst the drovers, who were capital fellows. One of them told us the following very amusing story with great effect :—

“ There was a well-to-do farmer and his wife who lived in a small farmhouse by the roadside a few miles from Alais.

“ One day they had to go to the town on business, leaving their daughter—a nice girl about twelve years old—in charge of the house. Not long after they had started, an old man knocked at the door, and the girl went to see who it was. The man begged to be admitted, as it was very cold, and he was very tired and hungry, but he said he did not ask anything from her. At first she refused, saying her mother had desired her not to let any one into the house ; however, he seemed a very well-spoken, civil old man, and looked so tired, that she let him in.

“ He sat down by the fire, and placed at his side a small sack he had on his shoulders ; presently he put his hand into his sack and produced a clean white pebble. He then asked her if she could lend him a saucepan with some

water in it, as he wished to make some 'soupe au caillou.' She was much astonished at this, and became very curious to see how it was going to be done, as she thought she might be able to teach her mother something worth knowing ; so she got a good big saucepan full of water and gave it to the old man, and sat down on a little stool close to him to watch the proceedings. He then put the pan on the fire to boil ; seeing a long-handled spoon hanging by the chimney-side, he asked permission to use it, which being granted, he began quietly to stir his soup round and round, the girl becoming more and more interested. He was a nice old man, talking to her quietly and civilly, and wanting nothing, but seeming anxious to teach her. He said that some people liked the flavour of onions in their soup ; he didn't know, perhaps it might be an improvement. She jumped up at once, and went and got two or three nice onions, which he put in the pot, and then continued stirring it round and round. Before long, perceiving a side of bacon hanging up under the chimney, he suggested that many people liked a good bit

of bacon in their soup ; he did not care for it himself, but asked what she thought. The girl, wishing the soup to be a great success, at once got a knife, cut a good chunk of bacon off, and having wiped it nicely, popped it into the pot, and the old man went on quietly stirring it round and round. Seeing some haricot soaking in a bowl on the table preparatory to their being cooked for the evening meal, he remarked that they were very good things and did very well in soup, and that turnips also added much to its flavour. Off went the little girl and brought back a nice supply of both, and into the pot they went, and the old man continued stirring round and round ; salt and pepper and a few small herbs were added, and the pot began to emit a very delicious savour, and after sprinkling in a little flour just to thicken the compound, the old man proclaimed his 'soupe au caillou' to be complete. The girl, delighted at the success, ran away to get a little round table, on which she put a nice white cloth, two white basins with spoons, and a couple of good hunches of bread. I need not say they had a delicious repast together.

"After this the little girl thanked the old man very much for teaching her to make such delicious soup out of a pebble! He presented her with the 'caillou,' and departed.

"When the farmer and his wife returned home, the girl ran out to meet them, radiant with delight, described to them how she had learnt to make 'soupe au caillou,' and said she could give them soup every day, for the good old man had left her the 'caillou,' which she produced in triumph."

After a little more talk with the good-natured drovers, we wished them good-night and retired to bed, as we were to be called very early next morning in order to go on to Nîmes by the diligence.

My haunted room was rather dismal. There was an old-fashioned four-posted bed with heavy curtains all round it, some curious old, heavy pieces of furniture, and the remains of some old tapestry, the colours of which were well-nigh obliterated by age. However, the bed looked comfortable, so I tumbled in and slept like a top, till at length I began to dream that something was in the room. I awoke

and thought I saw a glimmering light. I remained quiet and rubbed my eyes, and fixed them on the curtains at the bottom of the bed, where I thought I saw the light; presently I heard a slight rustle, and the curtains moved a little, showing between them a narrow strip of pale light. I then saw distinctly a pale sallow face with the light flickering upon its cheeks. I was certainly awake, there could be no mistake; I started up, when the lips moved, and a shrill voice cried, "*Levez-vous, Monsieur, vite, levez-vous, la diligence va partir.*"

I made an interesting trip to Malaucène, and ascended the Mont Ventoux to see the sun rise; only, as far as we were concerned, it did not rise. We waited some two or three hours in the drizzle, sheltered under a rock, and were at last rewarded by having a beautiful view of the Alps.

From Malaucène we went on to Orange and to the Fontaine de Vaucluse, the birth-place of Petrarch, a place well worth seeing. A good-sized river rises in a cavern at the foot of a perpendicular rock, and the large

round pool where the springs boil and bubble up is as clear as crystal and of a beautiful deep blue; from these springs a large stream flows, the volume of which seldom varies.

I went with Monsieur Frossard to see a mine that was being sunk, and some new iron-works that were being erected at Alais. We found a very intelligent Scotchman in charge of them, who showed us a large engine he was putting up which had been brought from England; the cylinder was so large that they had been obliged to roll it along the roads, and pull down the parapets of all the bridges to let it pass over.

At that time the engines in all the steamers in France, Switzerland, and Germany were English, and the engineers were Scotch.

In 1834 my father died, and I was sent for to return to England. I left the Frossards and all my friends at Nîmes, especially my constant companion, Albin Colomb, with great regret; I had passed a happy time there, and had become quite a Frenchman.

From that time I saw no more of my dear

friend Albin until the year 1883, when, on my return home from the Riviera with my wife and eldest son, I decided to go and have a look at my old quarters at Nîmes, and find out if there were any people still living there whom I had known in former days.

We arrived late in the evening, and went to the Hotel Luxembourg on the esplanade. Next morning I had a talk with the landlord, and asked him if there was a gentleman of the name of Colomb still living there. "Mais oui," he replied. "Is his Christian name Albin?" "Oui, Monsieur, c'est Monsieur Albin Colomb." "Does he live over in that house?" I said, pointing to a large house across the esplanade, which I recollected well. "Yes," he replied, "that is his house, and it was his father's and grandfather's." I asked him how old Monsieur Colomb was? "About your age, sir." He was evidently my old friend, so off I went with my son Dan to see if we could dig him out.

I rang at the door, and a very neat tidy maid answered the bell. I asked if Monsieur Colomb was at home. "Yes, sir; who shall



I say?" "Never mind the name; tell Monsieur Colomb a gentleman wishes to speak to him." On this, she showed us into a very handsome library. After waiting a little while the door opened, and in walked an elderly gentleman with spectacles and a bald head, not much like my handsome young friend of olden days. At first I began to doubt if it could be him; he bowed politely but stiffly. I asked him a number of questions about people whom we had known when together; he looked at me hard, and at last I asked him about some things that I alone could have known besides himself. I saw his eye lighten up; he rushed forward and seized me in his arms, crying out, "C'est Daniel; c'est Daniel!" We were the same warm friends we had been fifty years before. The next evening we went to dine with him, and we sat down sixteen of his family and mine! The dinner was most handsome and *recherché*.

To return to olden days—from Nîmes I travelled night and day by a succession of diligences to Paris, passing through Anduze, Mende, St - Flour, Clermont, Nevers, and

Fontainebleau, arriving at the Hotel Bruxelles, Paris, on the fifth day.

I stopped a day or two in Paris to rest, and then went on to London, and home to Rodmarton.

## CHAPTER V

Old Rodmarton again—My commission—A sad story—An Inspection dinner—Squad drill—Enniskillen—Ordered abroad—Good-bye to friends at Glen Dye—Placed under arrest—Cork.

I FOUND a sad change at Rodmarton. The dear old village where I had spent my younger days and danced with the girls on the green was no longer to be my happy home ; our household gods were to pass into other hands. My eldest brother, who had married, decided to live at the old family place, Hempstead Court, near Gloucester, and a curate was to occupy the rectory. My mother and sister were packing up to go away.

As I was now getting on towards eighteen, it was considered advisable to make a push for my commission, and my brother-in-law, Sir James Carnegie, very kindly volunteered to make interest for me through General Arbuthnot and Lord Hill. A very short time after this I

received the usual notifications of my appointment to an ensigncy in the 1st Royal Regiment.

My good fortune was, however, the sequel to a very sad event. Two fine young officers, Ensigns Byers and Carr, sailed up from Athlone in their boat to dine and sleep at General Murray's, who lived on Hare Island. Next morning, they went down from the house early to get under weigh, and sail down again to Athlone in time for parade. It was blowing very hard, and the General and his daughters tried to induce them not to start. They were, however, determined to go. The boat was anchored near the shore, in the Kilineure, or inner lake, opposite the General's house. They went on board and got up their sails, but before they had gathered weigh a heavy squall struck them and capsized the little craft. They were both drowned. The poor old General seeing the boat go down so close to him went into the water to try to save the two young men, and got a severe chill, of which he died not long after. Ned Wetherall,<sup>1</sup> son of the Colonel, got one of the ensigncies; I got the other.

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards General Sir Edward Wetherall.

I joined my regiment at Athlone on the 20th February 1835, having a letter of introduction to the Major, Lachlan Maclean, who took me up and introduced me to Colonel Wetherall,<sup>1</sup> his wife, and charming daughter, Fanny.

It so happened that the regiment was being inspected by General Sir John Buchan, a splendid old Scotchman, pretty nearly seven feet high.

The Colonel had a quarter allotted to me, and sent an old soldier as a servant to take care of me, and told me to go and unpack, get dressed, and come to mess. There were no shell-jackets in those days; we all dined buttoned up to the throat in our swallow-tailed full dress coats, with high stocks and sashes complete. It was a grand dinner; we sat down about sixty, the General and his staff, the officers of the Cavalry, 3rd Dragoon Guards I think, the Horse Artillery. When dinner was over, the Colonel called for songs. Many officers sang very well, but Captain

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards General Sir George Wetherall, Adjutant-General.

M'Clintock, Royal Horse Artillery, sang beautifully, song after song of all sorts, old Sir John Buchan shaking his sides with laughter at the funny ones. At last the Colonel called out, "We have an ensign just joined, where is he? he must sing his song." It so happened I had a good strong voice, and could sing a little, so I piped up and did my best. I was heartily cheered—my fortune in the army was made. We sat there, General and all, singing, drinking, talking, and laughing, till we saw the broad daylight streaming in through the shutters. The Colonel then reminded Sir John that he had ordered a parade at seven. We all jumped up and ran away to our quarters to change our dress, and at the bugle-call every one was in his place as sober as a judge. The Colonel said I must do something, so he put the great regimental colour in my hand, and told me to hold fast by it, and go wherever the colour-sergeant told me to go. I believe all went right; it was said to be a very successful parade, and I recollect I had to tip the drum-major a sovereign, when I gave up my charge, as he said to "wet the colour."

The following day I commenced my squad drill under a very original old drill-sergeant. We had one particularly stupid recruit in our squad, and our sergeant's favourite speech to him was, "There you har again, Mulligan! Your 'ead's as 'ard as a 'osses 'uff, one might knock nails into't."

I soon got through my drill, and then set to work boating and fishing vigorously. I also became acquainted with all the neighbouring families, who were extremely hospitable and kind.

From Athlone we marched to Enniskillen, where we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to embark for Canada, and Colonel Wetherall kindly selected me to go with the headquarters.

I was given a short leave of absence to go and wish my friends good-bye, so I went to Glen Dye, where my mother and sister Catherine were staying with Sir James Carnegie and my sister Lady Carnegie at their shooting-box. There was a large party staying there for the grouse-shooting. The gentlemen were all very kind to me, and lent me their keepers and dogs,

and I had two or three good days' shooting. We then made a grand march on our hill-ponies down to Kinnaird Castle. From Kinnaird I travelled post with my mother and sister to the south of England, paying several visits on our way. I then went to see my brother at Hemp-



GLEN DYE

sted Court, and on to Bristol, intending to return to my regiment in the regular passenger steamer by Dublin. Arriving at the quay, what was my dismay on hearing the steamer had been taken off the line to carry troops for the Government. However, I had one day to spare, and I determined to cross to Waterford in a small steamer that was leaving Bristol that



afternoon. Unfortunately a heavy gale came on, and we did not get across till the second day. I had then to go to Dublin by stage-coach, and on to Enniskillen by the same sort of conveyance. The result was I arrived to join my regiment a few hours after the expiration of my leave of absence.

Colonel Wetherall saw at once that it was not my fault ; but, according to the regulations then existing, I had to be put under arrest and go through the form of petitioning the king for my release. The Colonel was very kind about it, and told me I might go where I liked till the reply came. Accordingly I went off to Ballyshannon to fish, and lived with the officers of our detachment there. At the end of the month I was dining at their mess, when somebody alluded to its being muster-day. It suddenly struck me that I was again absent without leave. I jumped up from table, ran out, got a tandem outside (jaunting car), and started off for Enniskillen, telling the man to drive as if the devil was after him ; and he did, but I arrived in barracks just after the clock had struck twelve midnight. I rushed to the

paymaster's room to report myself, but I was too late. Visions of a prolonged arrest and a second petition to the king rose in my mind, till he told me he had hit on a plan of saving me. He had reported me "Present at Ballyshannon." What a relief to my mind. Soon after a letter came to say His Majesty was quite satisfied with my explanation, and I was released from arrest.

## CHAPTER VI

Our transport—Voyage—A curious meeting at sea—The grogtub—Falls of Montmorency—A squall—Quebec—Lord Gosford—Sir John Colborne—Falls of Niagara—Theatricals—Winter picnics.

IN due course of time our transport, *The Maitland*, an old teak-built East Indiaman, arrived in the cove of Cork; she had been fitted up experimentally to see if it were possible to cram a whole battalion into a ship of her class. In order to effect this, the ordinary baggage-hold had been converted into an orlop-deck for troops.

We had to lay in our own provisions and stores, and to cater and cook for ourselves; this was no easy task, as we had no stowage whatever. We filled every nook in the cuddy, piled up things under the mess-table, in the deep stern-ports, and in every corner we could find. When the troops embarked, we found

there was not standing-room for the men, women, and children on all the decks, including the poop, orlop-deck, and the officers' cuddy. Some of the men had actually to stand on the broad old-fashioned channels or chains outside the ship. I and another officer were told off to swing in cots over the mess-table! In addition to this, there were three berths at each end of the cuddy which was athwart ships.

Colonel Wetherall, seeing the plight we were in, sent up at once to beg the General commanding the Cork district to come down and inspect the ship. When he came on board, he turned to our Colonel and said, "Well, Colonel, have you got all your men on board?" "Yes, sir," he replied with the most courteous smile, "they are all on board." "Well, send these men below, I wish to see the deck." "I am sorry to say, sir, the main-deck and orlop-deck are both crowded, there is not room for another man below." "Oh, nonsense, Colonel! Here Captain —," calling to his aide-de-camp, "go down and see what room there is below." Down he went, but before two minutes were over he was

carried up again by some of the men, having fainted dead away from the heat and stench. The General then got up on to the poop, which was crowded with women and children. Going up the ladder he caught sight of the men drawn up on the chains outside the ship, on which he exclaimed, "Come, Colonel, this will never do! You have no business to let the men go out there!" "I am very sorry, sir," he replied most blandly, "but I have no other place for them, unless I put them in the tops." The case was too palpable, the General immediately ordered the Quartermaster-General to take two officers, some women, and a hundred men off the ship; even then we went to sea in an awfully crowded state. Our cuddy was so small that we were obliged to have three dinners,—one for the nurses and children, one for the ladies, and a third for ourselves. Two officers having gone ashore, I got one of the berths in the cuddy.

Colonel Wetherall's arrangements on board were admirable, and we were fortunate enough to have no illness.

Our captain was a very rough old fellow.

The first evening we were at sea he came up on the poop, and, seeing poor Ensign Gore lying on the deck awfully sea-sick, went up to him, and by way of consolation said, "I say, youngster! Don't you wish your mother kept a vinegar shop, and you were at home bottling it?"

The *Catherine Stewart Forbes*, with a wing of the 85th Light Infantry on board, sailed out of Cork harbour in company with us; but we saw nothing more of her till we got on to the banks, when one very foggy night we heard sentries challenging close astern of us. We remained quite quiet, and when they had challenged all round, one of our men shouted out, "No. 1, and all's *very* well." Next morning we were sailing alongside of one another. I and Lieutenant Humphries went on board their ship to dine, and two of their officers came and dined at our mess; after our crowded decks their ship looked quite empty. That night we parted company, and never met again; they were bound for Halifax.

The grog, which was served out to the men daily, was mixed in a large tub kept for the

purpose. The men had to pass along as their names were called, and drink it at the tub. When all had drunk, there was usually a good drop left, and the officer on duty was obliged to see it all thrown overboard. I observed that the men always threw it over the bulwark at exactly the same place near the poop. When I was next on duty I thought I should like to see where it went, so just as the men were lifting it up I walked up the steps leading to the poop ; from there I saw a young scoundrel of a sailor boy standing in the chains with a large bucket, and as the men poured the grog over he caught it, and afterwards retailed it to the soldiers.

During the voyage Colonel Wetherall employed me to make plans and drawings of every part of the transport to accompany his report, which was afterwards brought before Parliament and served me a good turn.

It was a splendid day in August when we came in sight of Quebec. As we cleared the island of Orleans the view was most beautiful, with the Falls of Montmorency on our right, the fine expanse of open water in front of

Beauport before us, the city of Quebec with its glittering tin roofs rising like a gem from the water, and the pretty point Levis on the left, looking quite like a fairy scene.

When we arrived at Quebec, the General, Sir John Colborne, refused to allow the whole



FALLS OF MONTMORENCY

of the 79th Highlanders, the regiment we were to relieve, to be put on board *The Maitland*, but hired a second ship to take part of them, for which the authorities at home declined to pay, but they had to do so at last. Colonel Wetherall's report had a good effect; troops were never sent out in such a disgraceful manner after that.



We had been about five weeks on our voyage, having had fair weather and, generally speaking, light winds ; but one morning, on the banks, we were sailing in a thick fog with everything set—flying-jibs, royals, sky-sails, etc. The sea was quite calm, when suddenly a slight rustle was heard, and in a moment we were down on our beam ends rushing through the water in a heavy squall. There was a tremendous commotion, hallooing and letting go of halliards, crashing of spars, and splitting of sails. After a while we righted again and everything was still, and we were left rolling about a miserable spectacle, our foretopgallant-mast and flying jib-boom gone, a number of sails split, and the rest all nohow. The fog had cleared off, and we found a merchant barque close to us; she had got through the squall without any damage. Half-way up the St. Lawrence we met her again; she had been up to Quebec, and was on her way down. Her captain politely inquired where we were bound for; the rough reply was "Kamtschatka." He then reminded our skipper that he was in company with us when we

carried away our topgallant-mast and jib-boom. We had no other adventures, and having landed at Quebec, marched up to the Citadel.

Quebec, to me, was a perfect paradise. The scenery was beautiful, the country round abounded with lakes and streams full of trout, and the people were most kind and hospitable. At that time the Earl of Gosford was Governor, and he had associated with him Sir George Gipps and Sir Charles Grey, who constituted a commission. His lordship was very kind to me, and I often dined at Government House two or three times in the week. Sir John Colborne and Lady Colborne, to whom I had introductions, were also very kind to me. I knew many of the inhabitants—Chief-Justice Sewell, Judge Bowen, Monsieur Buchesney and his two charming daughters, the Burstalls, Prices, etc. My principal friends in my own regiment were Captain John Mayne, Ned Wetherall, Lieutenant Urquhart, Ormsby, our great theatrical manager, and Lord Charles Beauclerk, who was my fishing companion. In the 66th Regiment I also

had several friends—Lord Cochrane, Grattan, Biscoe, and Johnny Vivian, etc.

In September I got a short leave of absence, and went up to see the Falls of Niagara, passing through Montreal, Kingston, and Toronto. I returned by the United States side



NIAGARA FALLS

of Lake Ontario through Buffalo, Rochester, Oswego, Sackets Harbour, and Ogdensburg. Since that time the "Table Rock" has fallen down, and the shape of the falls has very much altered.

I went to Buffalo with an American gentleman, who was very kind and civil to me. He introduced me to several people,

amongst others to the gentleman who kept the great hotel—always a most useful introduction in the United States. On my journey down through that part of the State of New York I observed one man's name on all the stage-coaches, most of the public-houses,—in fact, on pretty nearly everything. I was told the name was that of a gentleman who had made an enormous fortune and owned almost everything in that part of the country. He was very popular, as he had not only made his own colossal fortune, but had enabled many others to make money, and had started a great deal of good business in the district.

Not long afterwards I heard he was to be tried for forgery. It turned out that he had commenced all his work on forged bills, but having been successful he had bought them all up but one, and that one was the only evidence against him. It was only for a small sum, but he could not get hold of it. The interest of the whole country was exerted on his behalf, but the court of justice was inexorable ; the unfortunate man was con-

victed on the evidence of that one bill, and sentenced accordingly.

After my return to Quebec, we got up some good theatricals. I was a smooth-faced boy then, so I was enlisted for the ladies' parts, and got great applause for my "Caroline Dorma" in *The Heir-at-Law*, and for my "Ravina" in the *Miller and his Men*.

Our tableaux vivants, too, were very successful, especially that of the death of Wolfe, which created great interest, being so near the spot where it occurred. It was taken from the celebrated picture by West. Lord Charles Beauclerk was Wolfe, Johnny Vivian the Indian chief (Ticompsey), Colonel Wetherall the doctor, Humphries the tall grenadier, Ned Wetherall the officer with the colour.

I made several trips to the Jacques Cartier, a charming little salmon-river, and there made acquaintance with Dr. Henry, a well-known fisherman, who gave me some valuable lessons in salmon fishing and tying flies.

In the winter I got a sleigh and a pair of horses, and learnt to drive tandem (we had a very good driving club).

That year there was a "smooth pont," which means that the ice opposite Quebec "took" or froze quite smooth, which is a very rare occurrence; usually it is packed up in masses of rough blocks of ice. I made an ice-boat to sail on it, which went at a fearful pace and beat to windward beautifully, but required careful management. Once or twice, going about too quickly, I sent my passengers flying all across the river.

Winter picnics were much the fashion. We used to drive out in our sleighs, each taking a lady—commonly called a muffin—and a share of the dinner. A band was also sent out, and there were several good rooms in habitants' houses that were used for these parties. After dinner we danced for several hours, then drove home together on the snow roads, all in a long string of sleighs, by moonlight, which was often nearly as light as day. These drives were most charming; and on a still night to hear all the sleigh-bells jingling as the horses trotted merrily along was most fascinating, to say nothing of the young lady who was rolled up in the warm fur robes by your side!

## CHAPTER VII

Death of William IV.—Accession of Queen Victoria—Commencement of Canadian Rebellion—Rebels drilling—Meets of foxhounds and six counties—Duels—Expedition to St. Charles and St. Denis.

THE following year (1837) we were ordered up to Montreal and quartered in the Quebec Gate Barracks. Our mess-house was at first in François Xavier Street, afterwards in Dalhousie Square, next to the 32nd Light Infantry mess. In the month of July we heard of the death of King William IV. and the accession of Queen Victoria, and had a grand parade on the Champ de Mars to swear allegiance to her gracious Majesty.

During this year the measures adopted by our Government created much discontent amongst the French Canadians in Lower Canada, and they commenced to arm and organise their population in preparation for

open rebellion ; at the same time the British troops were left perfectly unsupported by their own authorities.

The rebels drilled on our parade grounds, and complained if they were interfered with. I remember one day walking up to the old racecourse with several officers of the 32nd Regiment to see a battalion of Canadians drill. One of my friends remarked that they were nothing but children and boys, on which a gentleman, who was standing near, came up and accosted him, saying, "Sir, you have insulted my comrades ; I demand satisfaction." "Certainly," replied my friend, handing his card. He was Captain Broadley, a well-known and very celebrated shot ; we heard no more of the patriot.

A little later on, Lieutenant Ormsby of the Royals was going his rounds one night on garrison duty, when the sentry of the commissariat office complained to him that two gentlemen, who were still standing near, had been trying to force him off his post and take his musket from him. Ormsby replied in an audible voice, "If the gentlemen come near



you again you have your bayonet, use it, and I'll take the consequences." One of the Canadians immediately stepped up and said he held him responsible for an insult offered to him in the streets ; and so unsupported were the military at the time that he felt himself obliged to accept the challenge and exchange shots with the patriot. Captain Mayne of the Royals was his second. We had a meeting of our officers before they went out, and we directed Mayne to take Ormsby off the ground after the first shot whatever happened, and refer their opponents to us. They met and fired without effect ; Mayne then did as he was instructed, the opposing second intimating that he should hold him personally responsible.

Our mess-room at that time was in a narrow street, and the rebel orderly-room or office was opposite to it. In the afternoon the Canadians sent over a message to know what Mayne intended to do ; the officers replied that they had determined that no other officer was to accept a challenge, and that a reference would be made to the military authorities. The whole affair was reported to Sir John Colborne,

who, of course, disapproved of the duel, but allowed there was much to be said on our side. We were not troubled any more after that.

We had a pack of foxhounds at Montreal, and we often went across to the other side of the river to hunt. Our favourite meet was on board the horse ferry-boat that crossed below the city to Longueuil. One day we met as usual and found some Canadian gentlemen on board. We learned that they were going over to the great meeting of the six counties at St. Charles. Monsieur Papineau, the leader of the rebellion, was with them, and it so happened that the well-known pugilist, Deaf Bourke, who was making a professional tour in America, was with us. When he heard who was on board, we had the greatest difficulty in preventing him going up on the raised deck, where the Canadians were sitting, to give the rebel a sound thrashing, as he said he was sure that would settle all the disturbances.

When we landed on the other side we found an escort of very young lads, mounted on ponies and armed with long guns. We forthwith mounted our hunters and charged them,

hunting-whips in hand, on which they fled, scampering away down to the village. Papineau stole off by another road.

On the 14th October 1837 there was a great meeting of the loyal party in Montreal, and disturbances were expected. The troops were kept in barracks ready to turn out ; everything, however, went off quietly until late in the afternoon. I heard that Mr. Johnston, Mr. Campbell Sweeny, Mr. M'Cord, and others had spoken very well and decidedly on the platform.

After the meeting was over the Loyalists and Canadians happened to come into collision and a great fight ensued. The alarm was sounded and the troops were soon under arms. We took possession of the ends of Notre-Dame Street and St. Paul Street, and guarded all the intermediate avenues to them, and also held the Champ de Mars with a battery of Royal Artillery. The Loyalists, who were from that time called the "Axe-handle Guards," from the weapon they fought with, continued to fight through the suburbs all that evening and far into the night.

Next morning I was sent for by Sir John Colborne and ordered off to Toronto with despatches to Sir Francis Bond, Head Governor of the Upper Province, asking him for more troops if he could spare them. Sir Francis replied he could spare all the troops from Upper Canada, with the exception of the detachment at Bytown; and the 24th Regiment was at once sent down. These despatches were much spoken of afterwards.

On my return from Toronto, Colonel Gore, the Deputy Quartermaster-General, who had seen my plans and drawings of *The Maitland*, selected me to serve on his staff.

We had no Field-Artillery, but there were both officers and men of the Garrison Artillery in the country, and guns and harness in store. Our General authorised horses to be bought, and a very respectable field-battery was soon organised and equipped.

Towards the end of October a party of eighteen of the Montreal Volunteer Cavalry were sent to St. John's to arrest some suspected persons and bring them back to Montreal. I was sent down to the horse ferry at Hochelaga

with a party of regular troops to bring them across the St. Lawrence and escort them to the prison. We waited a long time expecting them, and at length we got a report that firing had been heard in the distance, and then the Cavalry came straggling in one by one, several of them wounded ; last of all came a fine plucky little fellow who had been a troop Sergeant-Major in the 7th Hussars—I think his name was Sharp. Although he was badly wounded he had remained behind to cover the retreat of his party. He told me they had been attacked from behind the fences near Chambly by two or three hundred men armed with long guns, and that their prisoners had been rescued from them.

Not long after this it was deemed expedient to send a military force to endeavour to arrest certain rebel leaders who had established themselves on the line of the Richelieu river. For this purpose a combined movement was planned in the following manner :—

Lieutenant-Colonel Wetherall, with six companies of Infantry and two light six-pounder field-guns, was to cross the Richelieu at

Chambly and move, by night, down the right bank of the river on St. Charles, a distance of about 19 miles ; Lieutenant-Colonel Hughes of the 24th Regiment, with five companies and a twelve-pounder Howitzer, was to move from Sorel up the right bank of the river on St. Denis, which was not supposed to be strongly held, a distance of about 21 miles, also by night ; the two forces to appear simultaneously before their respective destinations. Colonel Hughes was then to push on to St. Charles. Colonel the Hon. Charles Gore was named to take command of the whole expedition, but he was to accompany Lieutenant-Colonel Hughes's force. I went with him.

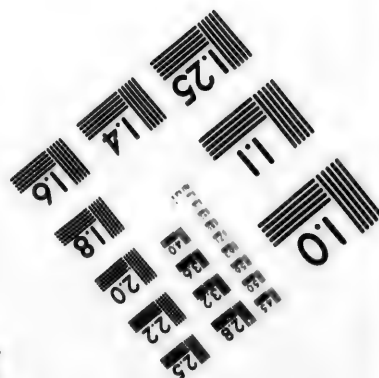
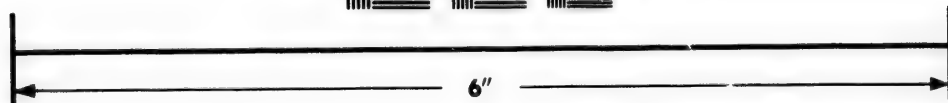
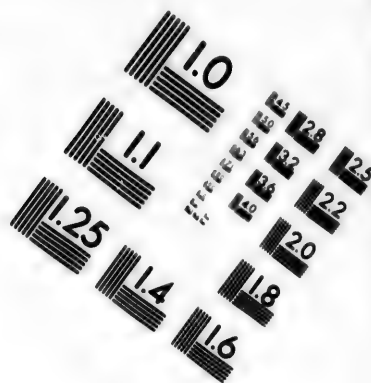
At ten o'clock on the night of the 26th November the troops of Colonel Hughes's column turned out in the barrack square at Sorel ; the rain was pouring down in torrents, and the night was as dark as pitch. We were to move by a back road, called the Pot-au-Beurre road, in order to avoid passing through St. Ours, which was held by the rebels. I got a lantern, fastened it to the top of a pole, and had it carried in front of the column ;

but what with horses and men sinking in the mud, harness breaking, wading through water, and winding through woods, the little force soon got separated, those in rear lost sight of the light, and great delays and difficulties were experienced. Towards morning the rain changed into snow and it became very cold, and daybreak found the unfortunate column still floundering in the half-frozen mud 4 miles from St. Denis.

It soon became evident that the rebels were on the alert; the church bells were heard in the distance ringing the alarm, and parties of skirmishers appeared on our left flank. As the column approached nearer to St. Denis we found all the bridges broken up. Without much delay I managed to reconstruct them strong enough to bear the Howitzer, and the column continued to advance, Captain Markham leading. On reaching the outskirts of the village the rebels opened a brisk fire on us. Markham pushed on, taking house after house, until his progress was arrested by a stockade across the road and a large, fortified brick-house well flanked on all sides.

Captain Crompton with a company of the 66th, and Captain Maitland with a company of the 24th, were then brought up and the Howitzer came into action. The engagement was kept up until a late hour in the afternoon; the enemy had a very strong position and appeared to increase in numbers. Captain Markham succeeding in taking one of the flanking-houses, but in doing so he was severely wounded, receiving two balls in the neck and a wound across the knee. Several of his men also were hit. At length, as the men had had nothing to eat since the previous day and the ammunition had fallen short, Colonel Gore deemed it necessary to withdraw his force. We had no ambulance or transport of any kind, so we were obliged to leave our wounded behind; there were seventeen of them, their wounds had been dressed and they were put in beds in one house (six men had been killed). Markham's men were first withdrawn from the flanking-house; they brought away their favourite captain with them under a heavy fire from the fortified house. On his way back he was again shot through the calf





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of the leg, and one of the men, a corporal, carrying him was wounded in the foot. The other bearer was a sergeant. They had to come across a rough ploughed-field frozen hard. As soon as they got near the road we ran out and lifted them over the fence ; we then placed poor Markham in the only cart which remained with the column and sent him to the rear.

We retreated for a short distance along the road we had advanced by, and then crossed over a bridge to the left in order to march by the front road. Lieutenant-Colonel Hughes, conducting the rear-guard with great coolness and determination, soon stopped the rebels, who were following us.

Night came on, and it continued to freeze very hard. After we had crossed the bridge the gun-horses completely broke down. Lieutenant Newcoman, R.A., assisted by Colonel Hughes's rear-guard, did everything in their power to save the Howitzer. I got Crompton's horse and put it in with my own as leaders, doing driver myself. We then succeeded in moving the gun a short distance, but it stuck fast again and got frozen firm into the ground.

At last the ammunition that remained was thrown into the river, and the Howitzer was spiked and abandoned.

We continued to retreat during the night, many of the men nearly barefooted, for the Canadian moccasins, which they had been given, were soon cut through by the frozen earth and ice.

Towards morning the column passed through St. Ours. I was riding my lame horse (he had been slightly wounded) by the side of Lieutenant Inglis,<sup>1</sup> 32nd Regiment. All the houses were lighted up and we expected to be attacked every moment; fortunately, however, we got through unmolested. On reaching a large farmhouse beyond the village Colonel Gore ordered a halt, and the men were glad to lie down in the barns half dead with hunger and fatigue. I managed to find the farmer's stock of potatoes, and got a sufficient number boiled to give each man three or four before the march was resumed.

Next morning, soon after leaving the farm-

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Sir John Inglis, celebrated for his most gallant defence of Lucknow.

house, we met a reinforcement of two guns and a small escort of Infantry that had been sent to our assistance. There was a long consultation as to whether we should advance again or not, but the men, without shoes and food and having very little ammunition, were evidently unfit for a renewed effort, so it was decided to return to Sorel, refit and reorganise, and then go forward with a better chance of success.

Colonel Gore went up to Montreal in the steamer *Varenne*, and I went with him. He heard from Sir John Colborne that Colonel Wetherall's column had only succeeded in getting to St. Hilaire, about half-way to St. Charles, the first day, which accounted for the force opposed to us increasing towards the end of the action at St. Denis; he there halted and sent back for reinforcements and provisions. Finally he advanced, and took St. Charles brilliantly.

There is nothing like success; Colonel Wetherall was lauded up to the sky, while my poor master, Colonel Gore, was condemned. At the same time, had he halted or turned back during our advance, and had Colonel

Wetherall been defeated at St. Charles in consequence of our not having arrived at St. Denis, what would have been said then ?

My name was mentioned in despatches, which appeared in the *London Gazette* of Tuesday 26th December 1837.

Montreal was put into a state of defence, and was surrounded by a cordon of stockades and defences; only three or four gates were left open, and guards were placed at each of them.

## CHAPTER VIII

Second expedition to St. Denis—Monsieur Papineau—St.  
Eustache—A hair's-breadth escape.

ON his return to Sorel I accompanied Colonel Gore, who had obtained all he required at Montreal, and we again advanced on St. Denis with eight companies of Infantry and two guns.

The first day we marched to St. Ours, and there halted for the night ; on the following day we advanced to St. Denis. On our arrival there we found that the rebels had made considerable preparations to resist our attack, and had thrown up some very fair works, but had, at the last moment, abandoned them and dispersed. We recovered our Howitzer.

Colonel Gore then marched on with a part of his force to St. Charles, leaving the remainder at St. Denis.

Previous to the departure of the first expedi-

tion, Lieutenant Weir of the 32nd Regiment had been sent on by road to get everything prepared at Sorel for the advance; but, in consequence of the heavy rains, the roads were so bad that he did not arrive until after we had started on our night march. Finding we had gone on, he endeavoured to catch us up by driving after us in a calèche. Knowing the country, he insisted on the driver taking the front road, not believing we had marched by the Pot-au-Beurre road; consequently very early in the morning, having passed us, he arrived at the stockade at St. Denis, and, being stopped by the rebel sentry, asked where the troops were. That was the first intimation they had of our advance; he was at once made prisoner.

When the action commenced, Nelson, the rebel commander, sent him to the rear for better safety. He was tied hand and foot, put into a cart, and taken away under escort. Going through the village he was brutally murdered by the escort. While we were away at St. Charles, Lieutenant Griffin of the 32nd Regiment volunteered to search for his body.

We arrived at St. Charles in the afternoon,



and intelligence having been brought in that Monsieur Papineau, the leader of the rebellion, was at the house of Madame —, at St. Hyacinthe, Colonel Gore instructed me to go on with a party of soldiers in sleighs as soon as it was dark and endeavour to arrest him. All arrangements were most carefully made, the bells taken off the horses, and the men ordered to keep perfect silence, etc.

At the appointed hour we started, I leading with a good guide by my side. About midnight we drew up in front of a large house, with an extensive farmyard and numerous barns and out-buildings. I instantly ran round with some men in one direction, sending a sergeant in the other, and we posted a chain of sentries all round the premises meeting at the back. I then placed men to watch the out-buildings, barns, stables, etc.

Having done this I went to the house and knocked. Madame —, a charming old lady, very nicely dressed, appeared, and received me with great civility, and showed me all over the house. I observed she was particularly anxious that I should not miss a

single hole or corner ; she opened every cupboard, and then took me down to the cellars, where there was a splendid store of vegetables and fruit for the winter. It was evident to me that her object was to gain time, but of course she did not know that I had a complete chain of sentries all round the place, and that every building was watched. I failed to find my man, but felt certain he was not far off.

Many years after I happened to meet Monsieur Papineau at a party at Montreal given by Lord Monck, the Governor-General. I was introduced to him, and found him a charming old gentleman. He said, "I hear you were the officer who came 'to call on me' at Madame ——'s in 1837. You little knew how nearly you took me. Do you remember a deep ditch at the back of the farmyard running away into the fields?" I told him I remembered it well, for I had some difficulty in getting across it. "Well," said he, "you did your work admirably, for though we were on the watch, I had only just time to run away down that wet ditch before

your sentries met. I remained in a small bit of bush not far off till daylight."

From St. Hyacinthe I returned to St. Charles, and next day we all went back to St. Denis. Lieutenant Griffin reported that he had discovered the body of poor Jock Weir under a heap of stones; a little girl had shown him where it was, and had told him all about the murder. Poor fellow, he was hacked about the head apparently with an axe, and some of his fingers were split; he appeared to have endeavoured to save his head with his hands, which were tied together. We carried his body back to Montreal, and it was buried with full military honours—a most impressive ceremony—all the newly-raised volunteer battalions were in the procession as well as the line regiments.

After these expeditions I was appointed Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General.

As soon as Sir John Colborne had realised the critical state of the Provinces, he had written to Halifax and England for more troops. One battalion, the 83rd, had already been sent up to Quebec by the river in a man-of-war steamer

at the request of Lord Gosford. Later on the 43rd Light Infantry, the 85th Light Infantry, and 34th Regiment were sent up by the Portage or Temisquata road, the navigation of the St. Lawrence being closed for the winter.

What with the reinforcements that had arrived and the volunteer battalions which had been organised, we began to feel a little more confident in our power, and Sir John Colborne determined to advance on St. Eustache, which was said to be held by a considerable number of rebels. The force destined for this expedition consisted of a Field-Battery, Royal Artillery (four guns and two Howitzers), a Rocket-Troop, a detachment of Montreal Volunteer Cavalry, the 1st or Royal Regiment, the 32nd Light Infantry, 83rd Regiment, and three companies of Montreal Volunteers. The Infantry was divided into two brigades, the first under Colonel Maitland, the second under Colonel Wetherall.

On Wednesday 13th December 1837 we marched to St. Martin. I was sent on to tell off the respective quarters in the village, and Sir John Colborne with his staff and about

eighty of the Montreal Cavalry followed later in the day. The Field-Battery, Rocket-Troop, and all the transport waggons were on runners, that is on sleigh carriages, the snow being deep.

The following morning, instead of moving on by the direct road to St. Eustache, we were ordered to march straight to the Ottawa River, a distance of about 6 miles, and cross it on the ice, one company of volunteers, Captain Globinski's, marching by the direct road. The ice on the Ottawa had only frozen across the day before. As officer of the Quartermaster-General's department, I was ordered to take charge of the crossing of the whole column—no easy task, the ice being very thin and uncertain. Every precaution had to be taken; the men were extended and made to break step, the horses were led over one by one, and the guns and waggons were dragged across by long ropes, the road being frequently changed. I got everything safe over, till firing was heard in front; an old major of Artillery then became excited, and insisted on taking a tumbril across with its

horses in and drivers riding. The ice began to crack, the horses began to trot, and in the whole thing went. The fussy major galloped away to the front, leaving me to get his waggon and horses out of the water the best way I could. A first-rate fellow of the commissariat department came to my assistance with some ropes, and we managed to save the horses, get the waggon out, and send it up into action, though the river was so deep that we had to lie down on the ice and reach the whole length of our arms into the water in order to fasten ropes to the points of the shafts. I was told afterwards that the ammunition out of the boxes was fired that day in action; if so, it speaks well for the waterproof boxes from Woolwich.

When approaching the village, one brigade with the Field-Battery continued to advance on the road running parallel to the river; the other brigade turned off to the right and went across to the end of the street leading down the centre of the village, at right angles to the river.

Lines of skirmishers from the village met

the riverside brigade and opened fire on them, but soon retired. The Field - Battery then opened fire on the church and stone buildings around it, but there was no reply ; so Sir John Colborne, seeing that the houses were empty and that everything was quiet, thought the rebels had retired and abandoned the place. He therefore sent Brigade-Major Dickson and his aide-de-camp down the main street, facing the great stone church, with orders to bring round the other brigade into the village. As soon as they got down near the church a rattling fire was opened on them, and they narrowly escaped with their lives ; it was now evident that there was yet to be a fight.

One of the Howitzers was brought round into the main street, and an attempt was made to batter in the big doors of the church, but this failed. Ned Wetherall of the Royals then managed to creep round behind the houses, and get into a large stone house that was at right angles to the front of the church and to windward of it ; he there upset the burning stove on the floor, and pulled every inflammable thing he could find over it. In

a few minutes the whole place was on fire, and volumes of smoke mantled the front of the church.

Colonel Wetherall took advantage of this and advanced his regiment under cover of the smoke at the double down the street. I jumped off my horse and went on with them. We got round to the back of the church and found a small door leading into the sacristy, which we battered in, and Ormsby and I rushed in followed by some of our men. We then turned to our left and went into the main body of the church, which appeared quite dark, the windows being barricaded ; here the rebels began firing down on our heads. We could not get up to them for the staircases were broken down, so Ormsby lighted a fire behind the altar and got his men out.

The firing from the church windows then ceased, and the rebels began running out from some low windows apparently of a crypt or cellar. Our men formed up on one side of the church, and the 32nd and 83rd on the other. Some of the rebels ran out and fired at the troops, then threw down their arms and begged



for quarter. Our officers tried to save the Canadians, but the men shouted "Remember Jock Weir," and numbers of these poor deluded fellows were shot down.

A rather amusing incident happened during the fight. I happened to ride up from the ice, to report to the General that all the troops were safe over, just as he ordered the Rocket-Troop to come into action and fire into the church a heavy rocket, a venerable survivor of the Peninsular War. The Ordnance Department imagined, I believe, that rockets would improve like port wine by keeping; the result was that, when it was fired, instead of rising it fell and, not clearing a wooden fence in front of the troop, broke its long tail short off. The huge head went whirling and twirling, whizzing and fizzing, all over a ploughed field in the most frightful manner. There was a general stampede,—Headquarter Staff, Rocket-Troop, and all took flight. A volunteer was literally chased round the field by the horrible thing; at last he fell down between the furrows; it passed over him and fizzed itself out with a final bang. Shortly

after, having taken sundry glances right and left to see if all was safe, the man jumped up, ran off, and, I am told, never stopped till he got safe back to Montreal.

The following day Sir John Colborne marched on to St. Benoit, where we were met by a splendid brigade of the Glengarry Highlanders, but as there was no further resistance the force returned to Montreal.

After this there were many alarms and some expeditions to make arrests, but no more serious fighting that winter with the French Canadians, though the American sympathisers and filibusters continued to give trouble.

Montreal, between the expeditions, was very gay, and there were plenty of balls and parties.

The troops continued to arrive from Halifax by the Portage road. In December the disturbances extended to Upper Canada, and Sir Francis Head narrowly escaped being made prisoner in his own capital. Later on he was attacked by the sympathisers, but repulsed them.

In the early spring of this year (1838) I had a very narrow escape. I had been to

Hemmingford on duty, and when returning to Montreal I heard that all the winter roads across the ice were broken up, the only possible crossing I could hear of being at the back of Nun's Island. I drove there, and found two able-bodied habitants willing to put me across. I walked over a very broad bordage of ice to their canoe, and saw that in front of me the river was clear of fixed ice to the island, but the stream was very rapid and full of floating fields of ice ; to my left was the Great Lachine rapid roaring down in all its majesty. Looking to my right down the stream I could see that the river divided into two channels, the nearer becoming a wild rushing rapid and then disappearing beneath the ice, while the farther one flowed away more tranquilly round the lower end of Nun's Island. Between the two there was a mass of ice terminating at the upper end in a high cape that projected up stream and had been worn to quite a sharp edge by the action of the water. From this cape there ran a high, perpendicular cliff to the chasm where the water rushed under the ice. Our object was to paddle quickly across the rapid water and gain the more quiet

water on the opposite side, well above the ice-cape, knowing that to be drawn into the rapid channel on the near side of it would be certain death. We dragged the canoe up the ice to give us a little more distance from danger, and then pushed off, one of my two men astern guiding and paddling, the other kneeling in front paddling hard, I sitting on the bottom in the centre. All went well to the middle of the rapid water, when a large low field of ice, partly sunk under water, struck the canoe and went under her like a wedge. It lifted us up nearly high and dry, and away we went whirling round and round on the field of ice, drifting to destruction. One of the Canadians fell on his knees and began to pray, the other sat motionless as if petrified. I sprang up, seized a spare paddle, dealt one a wipe over the head with it and shouted to the other; this brought them to their senses, and we set to work to launch our canoe off the ice. Once more we were free, but had lost a lot of distance. We all three set to work to paddle literally for our lives. Our canoe flew through the water, but the stream became more and more rapid as we drifted nearer and

nearer to danger, and we knew too well if we were carried down below the ice-cape we were lost. At last a desperate effort forced the canoe across the end of the cape. She struck heavily about midships against the sharp edge. Balancing between life and death, I grasped the slippery ice with my hands and called to the man in the stern to come and help me haul ahead, while the other continued to paddle. It was a moment of awful suspense. At first the canoe seemed to hang back ; we renewed our efforts, and at length felt that she was gradually sliding forwards. We then saw her bow turning gradually, and she swung round and floated down the quiet channel—we were saved !

## CHAPTER IX

Down to Quebec—Arrival of Guards—Lord Durham—Sympathisers—Invasion of Canada—Guards' campaign—Poor Jack Saville—A sad story—Military survey—A remarkable goose.

LATER 'on in the spring the Quartermaster-General went down to Quebec, and I accompanied him. One of my duties was to board all ships arriving with troops, and send the corps on up the country or land them at Quebec.

The ice-bridge across the St. Lawrence in front of Quebec had taken that year, and was somewhat late in breaking up. On the morning of 9th May I was watching it from the Citadel at the turn of the tide, when I perceived symptoms of a break ; a few minutes later the whole thing broke up and floated down the river. The ice had not long gone out of sight when I saw a sail appear in the distance, and up went a flag at our signal-station announcing

the arrival of a troopship, then another went up announcing the approach of a frigate, then another for a line-of-battle ship, and another for a transport. They sailed up and anchored all together—a beautiful sight. The *Edinburgh*, the *Inconstant*, the *Apollo*, and the *Atholl*, with a brigade of Guards on board, under the command of General Sir James Macdonell. It consisted of the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards in the *Apollo* and *Inconstant*, and the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards in the *Edinburgh* and *Atholl*. They were landed next day, and quartered in the Citadel and Jesuit Barracks.

On the 28th May Lord Durham arrived in H.M.S. *Hastings*, as Governor-General, with extraordinary powers. The Houses of Parliament at Quebec had been fitted up for his reception, regardless of expense, and he lived there for some months in great pomp and splendour. At about the same time a number of ships arrived, and we had a fine fleet at Quebec. The *Cornwallis* (with Admiral Sir C. Paget on board), the *Hastings*, *Malabar*, *Edinburgh*, *Hercules*, *Pique*, *Inconstant*, *Andromache*, *Vestal*, *Pearl*, and the *Medea* steamer.

The Queen's birthday was celebrated at Quebec that year in a novel and very effective manner. The troops were drawn up all round the parapets of the Citadel after dark, and fired a "feu de joie." The Artillery fired a royal salute, and the ships saluted and manned yards, each bluejacket with a blue light in his hand. It was a brilliant sight.

Lord Durham's entertainments at what was then called "The Castle" were splendid. He first introduced the "Russian" style of dinner. All the dishes were handed round. Nothing but flowers and fruit and ornaments were on the table, and the cloth was not removed for dessert. At the end of the dinner, his lordship rose and took his lady back to the drawing-room; all the other gentlemen followed with their ladies, nobody remaining behind.

On the 23rd April, St. George's Day, the *Sirius* and *Great Western* steamships arrived at New York, the first that had ever crossed the Atlantic under steam. The *Sirius* claimed to have been the first, as she started from England four days before the *Great Western*.

Several regiments arrived in Canada during



this year : the 7th Hussars, under Colonel White, usually called Jack White, an excellent horseman ; the King's Dragoon Guards, under Colonel Cathcart ;<sup>1</sup> the 71st Highland Light Infantry, under the command of Colonel Charles Grey ;<sup>2</sup> the 73rd in August, and the 93rd and 65th Regiments in October and November.

In June I heard that the Governor-General had issued an ordinance decreeing that five of the most prominent rebels who had confessed their participation in high treason, and sixteen others who had absconded, amongst whom were my friends Monsieur Papineau, and Nelson, who commanded at St. Denis, should be transported to Bermuda.

This ordinance was attacked in our Imperial Parliament by Lord Brougham and others, was ultimately declared to be illegal, and the prisoners were released. This led to the resignation of Lord Durham, late in the autumn, when the navigation had already closed. The

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards General Sir George Cathcart, who fell at the Battle of Inkermann.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Sir Charles Grey, Private Secretary to Her Majesty the Queen.

Governor-General had consequently to make his exit from Canada by the Kennebec road in a stage-coach, which was furnished by the contractor, Mr. Hough. The wags said his lordship had gone away in a huff.

Towards the autumn we obtained reliable information of a very extensive organisation of rebels and sympathisers in the Upper Province, and extending down to the frontier of the Lower Province. A determined lodgment was made by the sympathisers on Navy Island in the Niagara river, not far above the falls. This was broken up principally by the Upper Canada Militia. During the operations, Colonel M'Nab captured a steamer named the *Caroline* that was carrying provisions and munitions of war to the rebels, set her on fire, and sent her down over the falls.

Another attempt was made near Prescott, where the sympathisers took up a strong position around a stone mill. Colonel Dundas, assisted by Captain Sandom, R.N., was sent from Kingston to oppose them with four companies of the 83rd, two heavy guns, and a Howitzer. They succeeded in dislodging the

enemy and taking some prisoners after a severe fight.

The most dangerous organisation proved to be in Lower Canada, in the districts of Beauharnois and Châteaugay. On Sunday the 4th of November the rebels attacked Cochnawaga, where the Indian pilots for the rapids live. While they were all in church, these fine fellows sallied forth, gave their assailants a good thrashing, and took seventy prisoners. The rebels then retired on Beauharnois, Mr. Edward Ellice's Seigniory, and drove out the inhabitants, taking prisoner Mr. Ellice junior, M.P., Lord Durham's Secretary, with others, whom they sent to the convent at Châteaugay.

At the commencement of these disturbances, the Grenadier Guards were forthwith sent for from Quebec, Three Rivers, and Nicolet. They immediately went up to Montreal in one of the big river steamers—I think it was the *John Bull*—and the day after their arrival there they started on an expedition to Napierville, where the rebels and sympathisers had assembled their great army, called the "Army

of Canada," and had established themselves in very considerable numbers. The expedition, under the command of Sir James Macdonell, which had been reinforced by the 7th Hussars, the 71st Highland Light Infantry, and three guns, advanced on this stronghold, and found the enemy well posted and prepared to receive them. As it was late in the afternoon when it arrived near the village, Sir James determined to wait till next morning and then attack the place.

During the night the Grenadier Guards watched the lights of the enemy's outposts, and towards morning they observed that they decreased in number, and that the fires were going out.

When daylight appeared, the force advanced with much caution, the 71st stealing along round the left flank, but they found the rebels had bolted, and had left the place in their hands. Some prisoners, large stores of arms and ammunition were found, and some curious documents, amongst them a complete plan of the future government of Canada, with the names of all the ministers and heads of de-

partments whom they intended to appoint. The troops had some very heavy marching, and altogether an arduous campaign, though they were disappointed of their fight. After their work, the 7th Hussars and the Grenadier Guards went back to Montreal, and were quartered there for many months.

During this year many outrages were committed on our frontier line. Among others, a party of the insurgents attempted to burn a whole family, named Vosbury, in their house. They shut the unfortunate people up in the upper story, bound the father and son, and then set fire to the house. Happily the son, a powerful young fellow, succeeded in breaking his bonds, just in time to be able to save the rest of the family before the house was destroyed.

Soon after the capture of Napierville, Sir John Colborne, our Governor, sent Captain C. A. Lewis (now General Lewis) of the Grenadier Guards on a special mission, with unsealed orders, to the Governor of Vermont, to demand the giving up of the ruffians who had committed this outrage. At this time the

relations between Great Britain and the United States were somewhat strained on account of the burning of the *Caroline* and other matters. Nevertheless the Governor received Captain Lewis with great kindness, and showed much good feeling. At the same time he told him he had no power to give up the men, and he feared the general Government had no more power than he had, and that, even if they had, the feeling in the country against the "Britishers" was so strong that he doubted their being able to convey the prisoners safely over the frontier line.

At that time Mr. Van Buren was President of the United States, Mr. Fox was English Minister, and Mr. Forsyth the American Secretary of State. On leaving Vermont, Captain Lewis went on to Washington to Mr. Fox, who gave him a letter of introduction to Mr. Forsyth, as he thought he could explain the case more strongly to him than he could as minister.

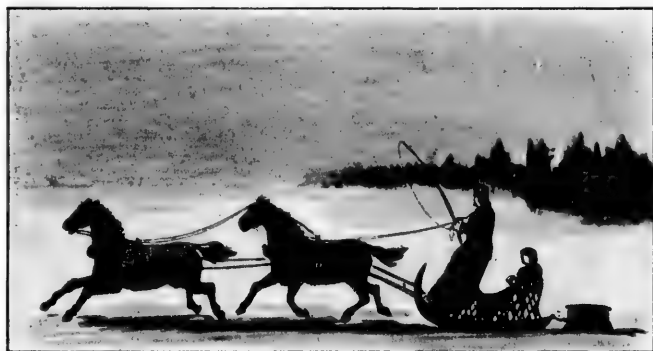
Mr. Forsyth received Captain Lewis very kindly, and invited him to dine with him and talk the matter over after dinner. Captain

Lewis had, however, to wait a fortnight before he received any official answer. During the time he remained at Washington he was invited to several very good parties and balls. At length he received his official answer, which was unfavourable ; so he started on his return journey to Canada. Going through New York, he was waylaid by the British Consul, who asked him to take very important despatches, which had just arrived from England by the *Great Western* steamer (her first voyage), to Sir John Colborne. He consented, but it took him seven days and six nights hard travelling in waggons, and latterly in sleighs, to get through. However, he got back safe to Montreal at last, and after a quiet little sleep of twenty-five hours (!) he made his appearance again, and still lives to tell the tale.

When all the troops that were expected had arrived, I went up to my chief, Colonel Gore, at Montreal, carrying despatches from Colonel Bowles, who was then commanding at Quebec.

After all our work, the winter of 1838-

39 was a merry one. We had a large garrison in Montreal and its neighbourhood. The 7th Hussars, several batteries of Royal Artillery, the second battalion Grenadier Guards, the 1st Royals, the 32nd Light Infantry, and 73rd Regiment, were all there; also Sir John Colborne (who had been appointed



LIEUT. LYSONS'S TANDEM

Governor - General) and his staff; General Clitheroe (commanding the garrison) and his staff, and all the headquarter departments. There were also the King's Dragoon Guards and the 15th Regiment at Chambly, the 71st Highland Light Infantry at St. John's, and several other corps within reach.

A good driving club was established, also



a four-in-hand club and a tandem club, and we had plenty of balls, parties, and theatricals.

All appeared happy and bright, but the season was not destined to pass without a cloud. On the opening day of the four-in-hand club, Captain Jack Saville, a fine sporting



LORD MULGRAVE'S FOUR-IN-HAND

fellow of the 7th Hussars, drove over from La Prairie across the ice, a distance of about 9 miles. He had purchased a beautiful sleigh and furnished it with very handsome fur robes, and his team of four thoroughbreds was considered perfect. On arriving at Montreal, he stopped at the harness-maker's shop to get a new whip. Like many other

young men, he had despised the severity of the climate, and had driven over in an English "top hat," a pair of kid gloves, and common leather boots. When he came to take off his glove to get his purse, he found all his fingers frozen, he then looked at his other hand and found it just as bad. Trying to stand up he found that he had no feeling in his feet. The poor fellow was carried into the shop, where it was discovered that both his feet were frozen. Everything was done for him, all the best doctors were sent for, but to no avail. He was laid up for many weeks in bed, and finally had to sell off his beautiful equipage and horses, and go home to England, having lost several fingers and toes. He was a sad loss to our society in Montreal.

While troops were still quartered in Chambly the barracks caught fire, and, being built of wood, the officers' quarters were soon burnt to the ground. Among others, a young officer ran out and saved himself; but, remembering that he had left in his room a medal which he had gained for service in the field, he rushed back through the flames to get it—medals were very rare in those

days. He soon came out again into the square, holding up the treasure in his hand, and calling out, "I am all right ; I've got it." Poor fellow, before night he was a dead man ; the flames had gone down his throat.

Towards the end of the winter, the roads across the ice in Canada become very dangerous. A year seldom passes without some accidents. If you are obliged to cross the St. Lawrence frequently, you should be very cautious and should study carefully the appearance of the ice. Water lying on the surface seldom indicates danger. An old Canadian will dash fearlessly through deep water on the road, but when it becomes dry and clean, and takes a gray, sickly appearance, look out ! it is sure to be honeycombed and rotten.

Early in the spring of 1839, two fine young soldiers of the 7th Hussars were riding over on duty from La Prairie to Montreal by the usual ice road across the river. They got safe across, the leading soldier was on the bank, the second was trotting carelessly up to him, when suddenly the ice gave way and both man and horse were plunged into the water. In a

moment his comrade was off his saddle and down to his assistance. The horse had already disappeared, swept by the rapid current under the ice, but the man had got his arms over the edge of it, his legs and body being drawn under by the force of the water. His comrade succeeded in clutching hold of his hand, and was drawing him slowly towards the bank, the poor fellow congratulating himself on being saved. "Hold fast, Bill!" "All right, Tom!" Aias! alas! the wet gauntlet slipped off his hand, and remained in his comrade's grasp. A piercing cry of despair, and nothing more was ever seen of the fine young Hussar.

The want of reliable maps having been much felt in Canada, I proposed that officers of the line should be employed to make military sketches of the country. At first my proposal was ridiculed, but later on I was allowed to try the experiment. Captains Colville, Ready, and Scott volunteered for the work, and in the summer of 1839 they made a beautiful sketch of the eastern townships all along the frontier line 45°. It was plotted in, and sent to the Quartermaster-General's office the following spring.

I must here relate a curious history of a very remarkable bird that belonged to the Coldstream Guards.

Saint Anthony had a pig, they say ; and the Coldstream Guards had a goose. I don't mean to say theirs was the only regiment in Her Majesty's army that rejoiced in the possession of such an article, but theirs was a remarkable goose. I think it must have been a lineal descendant of the ancient geese that saved the Citadel of Rome, and probably would have done as much if the opportunity had occurred.

Well, one day this goose was taking its morning walk in the Citadel at Quebec, and happened to observe a nice-looking young man on sentry walking up and down in front of the officers' mess-house. The goose being of a social disposition stepped up, put his long neck close to the man's leg, and walked up and down with him, much to his amusement. Shortly after this it came on to rain, and the sentry went into his sentry-box. Goosie observed this move with a thoughtful countenance, soon grasped the situation, and, not choosing to be left out in the rain, pushed his

way into the sentry-box, turned round, and stuck out his head to look about. In due course of time the corporal came with the relief; the old sentry told the story about the goose, and the party watched with great interest to see what the intelligent bird would do. It observed with equal interest the little ceremony of the relief. This being over, goosie gazed at the receding form of his old friend, then inspected the newcomer, and being satisfied with his appearance continued to walk up and down with him. This went on day after day till the battalion left Canada. The goose was then carried carefully on board ship and brought to England, where he was introduced to a sentry in the Portman Street barracks, and continued to perform his duties with unabated zeal.

I frequently saw this remarkable bird when I went to the Citadel at Quebec, where I had numerous friends in the Coldstream Guards, and I remember well the termination of the sentry's orders on that post—"In case of fire alarm the guard, and *take care of the goose.*"

## CHAPTER X

Lord Charles Beauclerk—Three months' leave—Race across the Atlantic—Scotland again—Back to Montreal—Survey—Long leave—London—Presented to Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria—Society.

AFTER our troubles were over I managed to get a little shooting and fishing. My principal sporting companion at that time was Lord Charles Beauclerk. A fine handsome fellow, as honest and straight as a die, he was endowed with great energy and bodily strength and a certain amount of inventive genius. This last qualification was not, however, at all times successful. I remember in the autumn of the first year that we were at Montreal, he had a dog-cart built on some wonderful new principle. Before it was completed the winter began to set in, so he had the body taken off the wheels and fitted to runners for the snow-roads. Not liking to lose the wheels, he

had a second pair made, and fitted the four to a waggon, which was, if I remember rightly, to carry his skiff. A little later, he found the cart body was not altogether adapted for winter work, so he had an ordinary sleigh body made for the runners ; but then the poor body of the cart remained, like a cherub, with nothing to stand on, so he had a new pair of wheels made for it, and ended by having three vehicles, the produce of the one dog-cart.

Beauclerk had apartments in a small house opposite mine in the Quebec suburbs. One afternoon I saw a crowd round his house, and I went over to see what was going on. I found him sitting on a large stone in the yard of the house, streaming with perspiration, and his clothes nearly torn off his back. I learned that his landlord kept a small bull in his stable; the beast had got loose, and had been chasing the man, his wife, daughter, and son round the yard. Charlie, hearing the noise, looked out of his back window, and saw that the people were in great danger of their lives, so, without a moment's hesitation, he rushed down and went straight at the bull, who was a little



Canadian fellow but very savage. Charlie succeeded after a while in getting hold of the animal's horns, and they had a tremendous struggle together. At length the man got the best of it; he turned the beast over, and so completely cowed the bull that he ran away into his stable and was shut up. Beauclerk was a very quiet, kind-hearted fellow. No one would have ever heard of this story if I had not happened to come up at the time.

I made an interesting fishing expedition with him to the Lake St. Louis from Montreal. He had a light skiff, made by a celebrated builder at Kingston. I had an experimental bark canoe, that I had fitted up with tin-tube outriggers like a two-sided catamaran. I had long light oars to it instead of paddles, and a mast and large square sail.

Charlie Beauclerk decided to go up to Lachine by the canal. Finding that a strong easterly wind was blowing, I wished to try if it was possible with my light craft to sail up the great Lachine rapid.

I got on very well past the wharves and up to Nun's Island, but then the wind began to

get a little fitful, and trying to jump up a small fall it failed me ; my canoe was swung round by the force of the water, and one of my outriggers was broken. I managed, however, to get safe to the shore with my wreck.

I then took off both tin outriggers, and carried them, with my oars, fishing-tackle, etc., up by land to a place above the rapid. I also carried up the canoe on my head. All this I did in three trips. I set to work and refitted my ship, and got everything right again, and then went on up to Lachine, where I found Charlie already arrived in his skiff. We went on together up Lake St. Louis to a small island. It was a pretty little island, not much more than a hundred yards long, overgrown with trees except on one side, where there was a small strip of clear ground. Here we decided to camp, and having had our supper, we lay down in the open and went fast asleep. The wind had fallen.

In the middle of the night we were awakened by tremendous thunder and lightning, very cold and wet through to the skin. We then hauled up the skiff, turned her half

over, and got under her, and so we ended our comfortable (?) night.

When we awoke again the storm had passed away, and the sun was shining bright. It was a beautiful morning. We set to work to dry our clothes and get some breakfast, but what was our dismay when we found that our large piece of lamb that we had been depending upon for two days' provision had become tainted and not fit to eat. So we had to sit down in dudgeon and eat our bread and drink our tea. While we were so employed we saw a weasel come out of the bush and creep down to the bit of lamb. After a careful inspection, he commenced having a grand feast. Charlie eyed him for some time with increasing jealousy; he was very hungry. At last he jumped up and shouted out, "I'm hanged if you shall have the whole of the feast to yourself." He ran down, picked up the piece of lamb, and brought it back into camp. He then cut out the best part and made a stew of it, which was not half so bad after all. When we left our island we bequeathed the remainder to Mr. Weasel.

We fished all day and got some black bass and poisson doré, and in the evening we pulled to a large island some little way up the lake. There we landed, and were surprised to find a very large encampment amongst the trees, but not a soul to be seen about it. So we concluded it was abandoned, and accordingly took possession of a little camp near where our boats were.

We had hardly commenced cooking our supper when we heard a great noise and singing far off. We went to the water's edge to look out, and saw a long line of lights all across the lake in the far distance. They gradually approached; we then heard beautiful Canadian boat-songs sung by a number of voices, and soon began to hear the splash of paddles keeping time to the music.

The lights came nearer and nearer, till at last a party of over a hundred men landed from canoes. They were the owners of the encampment, a very large fishing party from Châteaugay. I went forward and apologised for having appropriated one of their sleeping-places, asking if I might finish boiling my

pot before we made a camp for ourselves. They were extremely civil, and would not hear of our moving, so I finished my cooking and we fraternised with them.

They soon lighted up their fires and set to work to cook. The encampment consisted of a number of little camps for one or two men each, scattered about among the trees; the smoke curling up through the branches, men running about for water and wood, the flashing in the red light from innumerable little fires, presented a most curious and beautiful sight. After supper they sang some capital Canadian songs in full chorus. We all then turned in and had a good night's rest in our sylvan camp. Next morning our friends were off soon after daylight, and we too went out to fish.

The end of my poor friend Charlie Beauclerk was very sad, but truly characteristic of his gallant nature. He was staying at Scarborough, I believe, with his wife and children. One day there came on a terrific gale, and a schooner was wrecked close in front of the town, when trying to run into the

harbour. The life-boat went out to the rescue, but was capsized and her crew thrown into the water. Beauclerk and some others rushed into the waves to save them. They got all on shore but two, who were drowned. At last my poor friend Charlie was seen kneeling down on the beach apparently exhausted. Numbers of the lookers-on ran down to his assistance ; he was carried home, but I believe he never spoke more. I always understood that he had been crushed between the life-boat and the pier. So ended the life of as fine a fellow as ever lived.

In the summer of 1839 I got three months' leave of absence, and crossed the Atlantic in the *Great Western* steamship from New York ; it was her second voyage home. By previous arrangement she was to race with the *British Queen*, then on her first voyage. The start was a very interesting scene ; all the people in New York were out to see it, and every house-top was crowded. They were the first two ships that had been built for the Atlantic service. We were lying together between the wharves. When the tide came up and floated us we backed out, then drew together and

touched paddle-boxes. The word being given, away we went, followed by hundreds of little river steamers of every size and description. We soon left them all, and before night we had steamed our opponent hull down astern of us. We were wonderfully comfortable on board with only sixty passengers, amongst whom was Murat, the son of the King of Naples, with his staff; they were all very agreeable, jolly fellows. Our passage money was £50, including everything—champagne all day long if you wished it. We won the race by forty-eight hours, and ran up to Bristol.

At Montreal I had been given despatches—a great white bag—to take home. At Bristol I went to the coach-office to secure my place to London, and there I got the clerk to put my precious bag into his safe until it was time to start. When the coach came I jumped up on the box-seat, and so delighted was I to find myself once more on an English mail-coach, with four good horses before us, that I forgot all about the despatches. Fortunately, just as we were starting, the clerk came running out with the big bag in his arms. I took the *bête*

*noir*, or, I should rather say, *bête blanc*, up to town, delivered it safe—thanks to the clerk—and then went on to Scotland by *The Dundee* steamer.

I went to the old moor at Glen Dye, and had some capital grouse shooting; then returned to Canada by the same good ship that had brought me over, arriving at Montreal within my leave. This was considered a wonderful feat at that time.

In the spring of 1841 I obtained leave to go up and survey the Niagara district myself, and completed the work in three months.

When I went out to Canada in 1862 as Deputy Quartermaster-General I found our old sketches remaining, but no fresh work done. I then obtained a liberal allowance from the Government, and plenty of officers volunteered for the work. Colonel Wolseley,<sup>1</sup> my assistant, rendered valuable service in compiling and regulating the work from our office. So good was our survey considered that Sir W. Logan, the head of the Canadian Geological Department, obtained leave to use

<sup>1</sup> Now F.M. Viscount Wolseley, our Commander-in-Chief.



it, and based his geological survey on our military sketches.

After I had finished my sketch of the Niagara district in 1841, I returned to England by Quebec, Picton, and Halifax, crossing the Atlantic in the Cunard steamer *Britannia*. I arrived at Liverpool on the 29th July, and went up once more to Glen Dye, and had as usual excellent sport.

Early in the year 1842 I went up to London to see something of the society of my own country, and had the honour of being presented to our Most Gracious Queen Victoria at St. James's Palace. Her Majesty was then quite young, and it was beautiful to see her graceful little form amidst all her grand officials.

At that time the Queen's levées and drawing-rooms were all held in St. James's Palace. I remember when ladies were first allowed to have chairs or forms to sit on in the waiting-room. One room was then sufficiently large to contain all those who attended.

The opera was in its balmy days that year; Grisi, Lablache, Persiani, Tambourini, etc.,

were at their zenith. I was fortunate enough to get a very nice stall, and seldom missed a subscription night. On these nights Her Majesty's Theatre presented a magnificent sight. The Queen and Prince Albert were usually in their places, and Prince George, attended by Captains Tyrwhitt and Macdonald, was usually to be seen in the lower tier of boxes nearly opposite Her Majesty. All the dukes and duchesses and high people of the land had their private boxes, with their names on the outside of their doors, and they received visitors there.

Taglioni, Cherito, and other celebrities were then dancing; and the ballets, which were managed by Perrot, an ugly little fellow, but a capital dancer, were very poetical and beautiful.

Almac's balls were all the rage then. They were held in Willis's Rooms, and though all the *élite* society of London attended them, they were never overcrowded.

At the termination of my leave of absence I returned to Canada in the Cunard steamer *Columbia*, *viâ* Boston.

## CHAPTER XI

Moose hunting—Bush craft—My first moose—An exciting run—Fishing—Races—A heavy load—Back to the Indian village.

DURING my long stay in Canada I took many winter trips into the bush in quest of moose deer, and met with not a few adventures.

In order to get on comfortably in the vast silent forest, it is necessary to acquire some little knowledge of "bush craft," especially in the construction of a camp. In this, the first thing to be thought of is the site; it must be well sheltered from the wind. If you get too near the edge of the bush on the border of a lake or barren open, no amount of fire will keep you warm. The next consideration is the supply of water; lake water is not good, and melted snow is not nice; you must find clear spring water. By observing the configuration of the ground and the growth of the trees you can

usually discover the run of some little streamlet, and by putting your ear to the snow you will hear the trickling of the water beneath. You have then only to dig down through the snow and make a convenient watering-place. A piece of nice, sweet birch bark will make a good spout, which will greatly facilitate the filling of the kettles and make quite a picturesque fountain. The next desideratum is a plentiful supply of suitable wood for burning, which is, in fact, your life. It must be close at hand, for the trees have to be cut into logs of about 8 feet in length and carried to the camp, which entails considerable labour. The large sugar maple burns well, the birch not badly ; pine wood will light your fire well, but it burns too quickly. A few good pencil cedars within reach are useful to make shovels of or boards, the wood splits easily and straight. Willow will not burn, but, because it won't burn, it is sometimes useful in a single camp to put at the back of the fire. Lastly, you must look round and see if there are plenty of what the Canadians call "sapin" trees ; they are deliciously smelling pines, of which you make the beds.

Having satisfied yourself that you are surrounded by all these requisites, you may safely set to work to establish a headquarter camp.

I must here say that in Canada, as in all other countries, winters vary. I have known at the latter part of a winter not more than 3 feet of snow on the ground, while in other years I have seen 6 feet. This does not mean what we should call a 6-feet fall of snow in England, but a number of falls of snow packed one on the top of another on a dead level in the bush, where there are no drifts. It is curious to cut down perpendicularly through this solid mass and see the result of all the different storms, well defined like geological strata. The heaviest fall, when compressed, is seldom more than 5 or 6 inches in thickness at most.

Having decided on our site, we all set to work—some to dig out the snow with their snow-shoes, others to cut shovels to complete the work, others to cut down “sapin” trees, rods, and forked stakes, and one clever fellow to construct the watering-place. As soon as we had completed clearing away the snow down

to the ground for a space of about 10 feet long by 16 broad, with perpendicular walls all round, we usually lighted a little fire and fried a bit of salt pork as a relish and then went on to complete our work. Two stakes with forks at the upper ends were driven into the ground at one end of the camp, 4 feet apart at the entrance, and two at the farther end to correspond. Two long rods were then placed in the forks of these stakes to support the roof, and shorter sticks or rods were placed all along over both sides as rafters, the lower ends resting on the snow, the upper ends on the two long rods. These rafters were then covered with large sapin branches, and the ends of the camp were also closed up, leaving only the doorway open, and a space at the opposite end for the wood to be hauled through on to the fire. By the time this work was done, those who had been employed in getting sapin for the beds would be coming in. For this purpose only the ends of the small branches at the tops of the trees were used; they were broken off by the hand, and great bundles of them were required. They were carefully built in, stalks downwards and

tops up, and formed a most delicious, sweet-smelling, spring bed. The beds on both sides having been completed, two stout poles were fixed along the bottoms of them, for us to put



A CEDAR BOARD CAMP

our heels against, in order to prevent us from slipping into the fire ; a few large branches of sapin were placed against the snow at the back on either side as wainscotting or tapestry, and our splendid apartments were ready for occupation. Our permanent fire was then lighted down

the centre, about 8 feet long, pots and kettles were got out, and our kits arranged at our heads, etc. It soon looked like home, and we were as comfortable and happy as though we had been living there for the last ten years.

In those days we used to go out in February, when there was a good crust on the snow, and run the deer down on our snow-shoes. My first trip was in 1839; I went with Mr. Rogers, the head clerk in the Quartermaster-General's office. He had been a great hunter, but, unfortunately, had been accidentally shot by a companion on one of his expeditions and was no longer up to much work. We knew the snow was very bad that year, but I wished to try my hand and learn my work. On the second day we started a moose and ran him. As Rogers had to turn back, I went on with two Indians, and we ran till it became dark, but there was no sign of our coming up to the moose, so we decided to sleep where we were and start on again the following morning, hoping the moose might take it into his head to do the same.

We had no time to make a camp, or even



to dig out the snow, so we cut down some large pine branches and lighted a fire on the top of them, and got some more to lie upon. One of the Indians made a bucket of birch bark in which we melted some snow to drink, but we had nothing to eat beyond two biscuits and half a partridge that had been killed by a hawk, and which Michael had picked up on the way—not a very sumptuous repast after a long day's work. However, we plucked our game, roasted it by the fire, and all three shared alike; we then made up the fire and slept like tops.

Next morning we started on again at daylight and ran for many hours, but at length the Indians, having examined the track, pronounced our chase to be hopeless, so we gave it up and returned, cutting across by the shortest line, to our original camp, glad enough to find Rogers there and get something to eat.

The following year I had a more successful trip with a brother officer, Joe Wyndham of the Royals. He was a short, broad-shouldered, powerful fellow, and a capital runner. We

went to the hunting ground I had discovered the previous year, and I engaged my friend old Michael and some other good Indians at their village near Rawdon, about 75 miles from Montreal, whence we made our start for the bush.

The Indians persuaded us on our first day's hunting to try our luck at what is called a "moose yard"; this consists of some hundred acres of forest containing a quantity of the bushes which the moose feed upon. The animals keep on walking about in this space till they make a labyrinth of beaten tracks, and it is extremely difficult to force them to break away from them into the deep snow, so that you can run them. We went and tried every sort of dodge. We had a little dog with us, and could hear him yelping away after the deer, but they were so wary, and ran so quickly along their beaten tracks, that we could never get a shot at them. At last I was standing in a small open space with some very thick bush before me, having given up the sport as hopeless, when I heard something coming through the trees. In another second I saw

an enormous monster plunging out straight before me. I dragged my gun out of its woollen case and popped on my caps; the moose, seeing me, turned to his right and presented his side. I took a deliberate aim and fired; the moose gave a quick jerk, moved on a few paces, and then sank down dead,—a magnificent specimen, 22 hands high at the shoulder. My first blood, a great prize, but got too easily.

The following day we came upon the old track of a moose, which we determined to follow up. It had always been said that a white man could not run a moose, and gentlemen hunters were in the habit of allowing their Indians to run the moose and hamstring them, then walking up leisurely and shooting the poor disabled animals. Joe and I were determined not to allow such an unsportsmanlike practice, but to try to run the moose ourselves. We desired the Indians, if they got up first to the moose, not to touch him. We had not far to go before we found our moose, and away he went leaving a tremendous track behind him.

Every man threw away his bundle, and we started for our race. Wyndham could beat me hollow at running, but he was not half as experienced on snow-shoes as I was. He went off with a fine stride ahead of us all, but I saw by the extraordinary gyrations of his snow-shoes that it wasn't going to last. We had not gone far when I saw him go over head foremost, with the fore part of both snow-shoes stuck fast down in the snow and his arms buried up to the elbows. I heard loud exclamations, "For God's sake, come and help me; I can't get up." "Yes, yes, we'll come back presently." Then there was a great deal of scuffling and a considerable amount of unparliamentary language, but on we went and soon the sounds of lamentation died away in the distance. Michael was going steadily on my right, one young Indian well ahead, on my left another a little beyond Michael. The pace began to tell; off went my cap, then my sash, then the comforter from my neck, then my coat,—in fact, everything I could dispense with except my trousers and gun. I saw Michael's superfluous habiliments

flying all over the country. The ground was uneven ; there were many fallen trees covered with snow, and the glare on the dazzling white made it difficult to see anything. Going over a fallen tree the snow gave way with me, and over I went. I was soon up again, but I had lost ground and Michael was ahead. Presently I had the gratification of seeing my Indian friend topple over and roll like a ball down a small declivity, then I got my place again. My two young competitors seemed to be in difficulties with their snow-shoes, and were perpetually tumbling head over heels, though they were as active as cats and lost but little ground. At length I saw a dark object in front of us, rushing through the trees, and sending the snow up like foam. 'Twas the moose ! I got well within shot of him, but could not get a fair broadside shot. We closed on him ; the young Indian on my left attracted his attention and brought him to bay. The moose turned towards him. In a moment I had my gun out of its woollen case and slipped on my caps, and before he had time to start again I had a ball through his

heart. He was a very pretty young bull moose, with a beautiful head and two perfect horns, a very rare thing at this time of year, when they are usually hornless. The Indians set to work at once to cut open the moose and clean him out. While this was going on, poor Joe Wyndham came up, looking terribly demoralised, his snow-shoes hanging on his feet in the most original fashion.

Although the head and horns were small I decided to take them home, if possible, because they were so perfect and symmetrical. I had the head cut off, with a good part of the skin of the neck, and buried it in the snow. I also took the hocks to make boots of, and enough meat for the camp. The Indians buried the rest for their summer supply. We then went on to a comfortable place for our camp.

That evening I gave Joe a good lesson in tying on his snow-shoes, in which art I was a professor. I then arranged that he and two Indians should go out the following day after one set of tracks which the Indians knew of, and that I would go out in the opposite direction, and look for others.

Next morning, accordingly, we were off early, and I killed a very fine old bull, with which I had an adventure. I came up to him on the side of a very steep hill, and got close to him, but I could not get a fair shot. I fired, hoping to turn him. It was a heavy steamy day, and the smoke hung thick before me; I heard the Indians shouting and saw them running for the trees. Next moment I saw the moose's great moufle (or nose) coming through the smoke straight at me within a few yards. I had just time to raise my gun to my hip, and fire into his chest. It did not bring him down, but just turned him a little, and he passed so close by my left side that I could have put my hand on his back. He went on a little way, then stopped, trembled violently, fell sideways, and rolled over and over, crashing through the trees to the bottom of the hill, quite dead. Having taken the moufle and hocks, I went back to our camp, and found Wyndham, who had also killed a moose (his first). We then moved on to a small lake, which I was told was full of very large trout.

Here we found a ready-made camp that some hunter or fisherman had spent some time and care in making. It was on exactly the same plan as the camp I have already described, but smaller ; and, instead of being covered with sapin branches, it was roofed in with cedar boards (see p. 126). We swept it out, and made fresh sapin beds, considering ourselves most fortunate. Our beautiful camp did not, however, prove to be so comfortable as we expected, for when the fire was lighted the smoke positively refused to go out by the aperture made for its egress, and preferred going into our eyes, making them smart awfully, and getting thicker and thicker. However, we managed to eat our soup, then lay down flat to get below the smoke, lighted our pipes, talked over the events of the day, and made plans for the morrow. After which we rolled ourselves up in our blankets, and slept like hunters.

Early next morning, a little before dawn of day, always the coldest part of the night, I awoke shivering and saw the fire had got very low. Every one was asleep and still.



It is not nice getting out of one's warm blanket to haul frozen logs of wood on the fire, so I gave Wyndham a kick and then pretended to be asleep. I waited a little while, but there was no response; so I tried again, when the old scoundrel burst out laughing, and said: "I did that to you a quarter of an hour ago, and that's why you awoke." So, after a good laugh, we both turned out and made up the fire.

After breakfast we went off to the lake, which was small, in a deep hollow surrounded by pine woods. We cut several holes through the thick ice with chisels fixed on the end of poles, and then lowered long fishing-lines baited with pieces of pork fat. Through them, after a while, we caught a few large trout, dark-looking fish, with black stars or crosses on their backs and sides. One was so large that he would not come up through the hole, and I was obliged to let him run till I had chiselled the ice away to make room for him. They were fine fish, but there was but little sport in getting them, and they were not as good to eat as the small burn trout, so we soon

gave up fishing. The water in this lake was as dark as Guinness's XX, and was said to have no bottom! The snow on the ice being hard and quite flat, Wyndham proposed that we should have some races, and we got up several good matches amongst our Indians, two of whom were considered the best runners of their tribe; but their performances did not appear to us as being anything extraordinary, so I proposed a match between Wyndham and their champion. They quite ridiculed the idea of a white man running against their best runner. However, the race came off and resulted, to their infinite surprise, in Wyndham beating their great champion hollow.

Not liking our smoky camp, we went back to our former resting-place and slept there. I arranged that Wyndham should go next morning, with our second Indian, Schoisin, and one of the young fellows, after a moose, whose track they knew of, and that I, with Michael and the other youngster, should go back to the big lake with the toboggins and make a camp, going round to pick up on our road the moose head I had buried. To this, however, the

Indians objected, saying they could not put the head on the toboggin, as it was too broad, and none of them could carry it, as it was too heavy. I said nothing, but was determined not to be done.

Next morning, having got some breakfast and seen everything ready for a move, I wished Joe Wyndham good luck and turned to Michael, and said, "Go on and make the camp; I'm going to get my moose head." They all stared with astonishment. The possibility of a white man finding his way through the bush, across the trackless snow, had never occurred to them. However, off I went. I felt confident I could find my way, but as to whether I could even lift the great head I felt very doubtful. The way seemed longer than I expected, but at length I found the spot and dug out my head with my snow-shoe. I then took a toboggin thong which I always carried round my waist, and which was plaited broad and flat in the centre, and tied the two ends firm round the horns, leaving the centre part just loose enough to go over my head; but, alas! I could not lift the heavy thing off the

ground. After a good deal of consideration, I set to work to roll and wriggle the head up on to the highest part of the snow ; it was on the side of a little hill. I placed it with the horns towards me, and the thong hanging down between them. I then cut away the snow as nearly perpendicular as I could in front of it. This done I backed in, turning the tails of my snow-shoes a little outwards in order to get far enough back, and got the thong over my head, the horns resting on my shoulders. After a few efforts I managed to raise myself up straight with the head on my back, but I staggered under the weight and began to despair. I stood for a short time, and then thought I got more used to the weight and tried to move. At length I got fairly straight on my snow-shoes, and took one short step, very nearly falling. After a rest I tried another. I had to go round the hole I had made and then up a little rising ground. Step by step I accomplished it, but it was very slow work. When at the top I would have given worlds to put my load down and take a rest ; but I felt that if I did so I should never

get it up again, so on I went. The ground began to slope a little downwards, and I got more and more accustomed to my burden, and at last succeeded in getting down to the head of the big lake, and found I was before my Indians. I deposited my head carefully on a fallen tree which was just the right height, then went down and made a hole through the ice and lowered a fishing-line through it ; by the time Michael and the young Indian came up I was sitting quietly on the snow with two nice trout by my side. Their surprise was great at finding me before them. Indians are very silent. They said nothing, but I saw Michael's quick eye discover the head. This produced a long low grunt of astonishment. He went up and examined it, and looked to see how I had tied the thong, had a talk about it with the boy, and then came up and looked at me with great interest and approval. Ever afterwards I was called the white Indian chief.

We ate some biscuits and ~~some~~ <sup>lit</sup> water, and then we started across the lake to make our camp on the other side. I shouldered my head, determined not to let

them see it was too much for me, and I made a good walk of it to the end of our march. We then set to work and made a very good camp, with all the proper conditions but one—it was not sufficiently sheltered. We wanted to fish the next day, and we selected our site too near the lake. That night the thermometer fell far below zero, and, in spite of all the fire we could make, we felt the cold severely. I may here mention a curious effect of the extreme cold in the bush. It makes the trees crack and split with loud reports like guns and cannons. This night and the following one were like *Quatre Bras* and the battle of *Waterloo*. Late in the evening Wyndham came in highly pleased, having got a second fine moose.

The next day we went down to the lake and made a number of holes in the ice and lowered our lines through them, but the wind was so cold we were obliged to make screens of sapin branches to sit behind and save ourselves from freezing. We got a good number of nice trout, but nothing large. That evening I saw the realisation of what I had considered

a Baron Munchausen story. The boys had brought up the fish from the lake and had thrown them down at the entrance of the camp near the end of the fire; they were all frozen hard, in the shapes they had last twisted themselves into before they became rigid, and were so brittle that some of them were broken in half. While I was cooking the dinner I heard a peculiar tapping noise, which I could not make out. At last a little bright flash caught my eye. I looked on the ground and there I saw all the silvery little trout flapping and jumping about as merrily as possible, quite alive. I don't think the broken ones came to life again, the ends certainly did not reunite, but all the others danced a merry jig till I required them for the frying-pan.

The following day we struck camp and marched back to the Indian village, I proudly carrying my head. All the Indians turned out to receive us; when they saw me and heard the story they treated me with great respect. Thus ended one of my best hunts. I had killed three moose and Wyndham two.

## CHAPTER XII

Trip to Rawdon—Darwin's shanty—A large moose—Nearly losing an earl—A long day's work.

I HAD many other expeditions to the bush; they were all much alike as far as bush craft went, so I will only describe a few more incidents that happened during one of them.

I agreed to introduce three novices to the sport: the Earl of Mulgrave, A.D.C. to Sir Richard Jackson, Colonel Brook Taylor, military secretary, and Captain Dickson. Mulgrave, who lived in the same house with me in Montreal, and I clubbed horses together; he drove me at a hand gallop down the ice on the St. Lawrence to Bout de l'Isle, where we found my light sleigh and tandem ready waiting. We jumped into it, and off we went again up the Assumption river to St. Jacques. There we had a hired sleigh that did not go



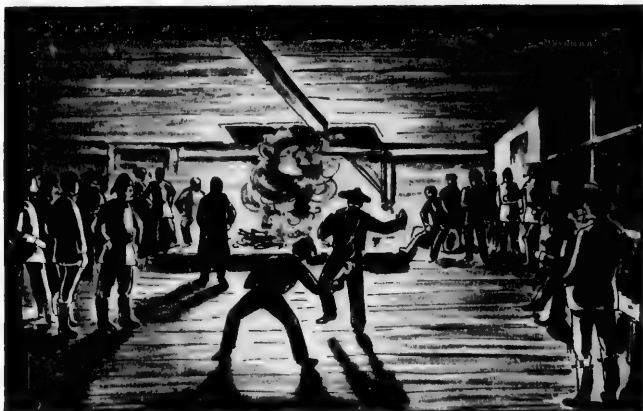
very fast to take us to Rawdon, where I found my old friend Dogherty, who gave us a little dinner and then sent us on in a country sleigh to the Indian village, where we arrived at about dark,—75 miles, pretty good! Taylor and Dickson made similar arrangements. We slept in Michael's wigwam.

I found difficulty about the Indians, as some stupid fellow had been up to my favourite hunting grounds, and had spoiled the market and the Indians. Old Michael, however, at once promised to go with me, and finally on the following morning we started off with him, Schoisin, two young Indians, and a half-breed to help cut wood. We had three toboggins and two bundles, in which were our provisions, blankets, and clothes. I also carried a small bundle of my own things. The first night we halted at "Darwin's shanty," one of Mr. Price's lumbering establishments.

Mr. Darwin had with him about sixty men, who were employed felling timber. He received us with great kindness, and gave us places on the floor of his little office to sleep on. When we arrived the men were all out except the

old cook, so we cooked our dinner at his fire-place, a square piece of flat mud baked hard, with logs of wood round it, and a hole in the roof over it to let the smoke out when it took it into its head to go that way. After our dinner we heard a great shouting and singing outside, and all the company came crowding in. A finer set of men I never saw; they had their beautiful large shining axes and some long two-handled saws for cutting the trees into lengths. They were a wild, rough, jolly lot, and we soon fraternised; they spoke French. After their supper they volunteered to give us a performance, which was very amusing. They sang some pretty Canadian boat-songs and played some games. In one of them a man sat down on a bench with his legs apart and his open hands resting on his knees, palms inwards; another man knelt down on the ground facing him, with a red cap on his head, imitating the noise of a squirrel, click-click-click, durr-r-r-h, on which he ducked his head down to the ground, the sitting man trying to knock the red cap off his head as he passed down between his knees.

Then he made the same noise and came up again. There were sundry tricks in this game ; sometimes the squirrel, instead of ducking down, stuck himself straight up, and the sitting man only struck the middle of his body, the red cap being seldom knocked off.



GAMES IN DARWIN'S SHANTY

In another game they made a tail of paper and pinned it on to a man's trousers, so as to stick up behind like a dog's tail. He then started from the fireplace and danced round the shanty, with his hands up in the air, singing, "tu ne me mettras pas le feu à derrière," another man following him with a piece of lighted cedar trying to set fire to the tail.

The performance was concluded by a number of men sitting down on two long benches, placed side by side, and pretending to paddle in time to a very pretty boat-song. After a verse or two they were supposed to come to the rapids, when they upset the canoe and all rolled away in every direction to their berths on either side of the shanty and turned in. During the performance Brook Taylor and I sang a little French duet which was highly appreciated.

Next morning at daylight all our friends were off to their work, and we marched up the Laquarro river to the big lake, where we made a good camp. After a good night's rest, we all went out together to look for some tracks which Michael knew of. We started a moose and ran him, but my party were in no condition for the work; Taylor hurt his foot and had to turn back, Mulgrave and Dickson came on, but very slowly. I got up to the moose with Schoisin and the young half-breed; he was a splendid fellow, and I wished my *protégés* to see him. I knew in a few minutes he would be off again if I

did not shoot him, so I shot carefully through his hind legs; that stopped him. At length Dickson came up very much out of breath; I showed him the moose and he fired, but missed. I would not let him shoot again till Mulgrave had had a shot. When he came up he was rather bad, so I made him sit down and get his breath, taking care not to let him see the deer. When he had quieted down a little, I turned round and pointed to the splendid beast which he had not seen. He got his gun out, took a steady aim, and fired; over went the moose, shot through the heart.

Next day they were all tired, so I went off with Michael and Schoisin to look for some far-distant tracks in the direction of the Matawin lakes. We walked on over several pretty high ranges of hills. On my way I saw a partridge on the ground; I had a shot at it with ball and knocked the unfortunate thing all to pieces. Proceeding to reload, what was my horror when I found all my remaining bullets were too large for the bore of my gun; we had come a long

way, so I decided to go on, as I had my second barrel left. It was not till late in the afternoon that we suddenly came upon the fresh track of a moose. Away we went; it was a pretty run, first round the base of a steep rock, then over a little barren. The snow was good and we soon got up to him, but I had only one charge. I went on till I got round on his flank and pretty close up. I waited till I could get a very easy shot, and then fired. The moose did not fall at once, but after going on slowly for some yards reared with his head straight up in the air and rolled over dead. He was hit through the heart. By this time it was near five o'clock, and Michael proposed we should sleep there, but I said, "No, I promised to get back and let the rest of the party hunt to-morrow, and back I will go." After a short consultation, Michael said if we left the moose as he was he thought we could do it. I took the moufle and hocks, tied them to my belt, and set off at once.

My Indians were beyond their usual hunting grounds, so they did not know the country well, and they were a little afraid of the Tête

de Bull Indians, upon whose territory they were trespassing. We had soon to cross a high range of hills. Going down the other side we found it very steep, and towards the bottom we came to a perpendicular ridge of rock of very considerable height, down which it was impossible to climb. We had to go back up the hill a little way and then walk along parallel with the top of the ridge. After going some distance we descended again, hoping to find the obstacle less impracticable, but were again disappointed though the ridge was not quite so high. A third time we approached it and then found it still existing, but the top of the rock was not much above the tops of the trees below, some of which were pretty close to it. It was our last chance, and as the night was coming on we determined to try to get down by the trees. I first tied my gun to the end of my sash and lowered it down as far as it would go, and then dropped it on the snow beneath. I threw my hocks and moufle down, and then selecting a good thick-topped tree jumped down into it with my arms out. I stuck like a crow in the small branches, but

after a scramble I managed to get hold of some stouter branches and climbed to the bottom safely. Michael followed me, and then Schoisin. After that we walked on many miles, the night getting darker and darker. At length, going down a very steep, thick, wooded hill, we saw a white space far below us. The Indians had a long consultation, which resulted in their telling me they thought they knew where they were. Michael explained to me that it was not a lake we saw but a beaver-dam, and, if he was right, by going down the stream running from it we should get to the lake we had crossed in the morning. So down we went, and sure enough it was, as he said, a beaver-dam, though when I went through the cat ice at the bottom of it up to my neck I fear I reversed the words. We had some nasty walking through a cedar swamp where the ice was rotten and the trees thick; then we got out, as the Indians expected, on to the lake, and eventually found our old track of the morning. We had then to cross a very high range of hills into the valley of the Laquarro and walk down the river to our camp.



I observed that my Indians were not as lively as usual, and soon after we had commenced ascending the hill, Schoisin sat down and said he was "very sick" and could go no farther. I asked him if he had got his strike-light and axe all right; he said "yes," so we left him and went on, but soon poor old Michael broke down. I saw that he had all an Indian requires, and gave him a biscuit which I had remaining and a drop of brandy, and determined to go on by myself. There was a good clear track and a little moon. By three o'clock in the morning I walked proudly into the camp, having left the two best Indians in the country behind on their backs—it was a great triumph.

We had one more somewhat serious adventure during this expedition. One morning we all started off together to follow some moose tracks, leaving all our things behind in camp. We tramped on some miles through the bush, but saw no signs of approaching the moose. At last Mulgrave and Dickson broke down and declared they could go no farther, so I asked Schoisin to take them back to the camp, and Brook Taylor and I continued. We went

on and on, but still saw nothing but the old hard track. At about four or five o'clock we held a consultation as to whether we should try to get the deer that night and sleep by him or go back, cutting across the shortest way and making a good straight track, and then try again the following day, carrying up provisions for one night. We adopted the second plan and turned back. Just as it was beginning to get dark we came down on to the head of a little lake that we had passed in the morning, where we stopped to cut a hole in the ice and get some water, and to eat a bit of biscuit. We were just putting our axes in our belts and going to start on again, when we heard something moving in the bush close by; in another minute out came a figure! It staggered towards us and fell at our feet; it was Dickson. A few moments after out came Mulgrave. They stared at us, but could not speak. We gave them a drop of brandy we had left. They then told us Schoisin had left them and they were nearly frozen. I gave Mulgrave over to our young half-breed Indian, who, between pushing, laughing, and chaffing, got

him back safe to camp. I tied the ends of my long toboggin - thong together, put one looped end over Dickson's back, the other across my chest, and towed him home. Fortunately we found a little fire still smouldering in a big log we had left burning, and we soon had some hot tea for them, which seemed to set them all right again. They told us Schoisin had pretended to lose the track, and had left them. They had gone round and round the lake endeavouring to find their way, but, failing, they had sat down dead beat, had given up all hope, and felt they were losing consciousness. When we came down on the lake they could not move, it seemed to them like a dream. They heard us preparing to go, then with a great effort they staggered out. Had we not come back that way and stopped at that spot, or even had we been five minutes later, these poor fellows would have been lost. Was there not Providence in this?

One more ludicrous adventure and I have done with my happy, happy Canadian hunting grounds. I was out with Michael and Schoisin when we came across the track of a young calf

moose. I was for leaving it, but Michael persuaded me to follow it, as he said the meat would be so good for his old squaw. We ran and came up to the little fellow, but he was so quick and active that I could not get a shot at him. Every time I got on his flank he turned round and dashed off straight from me through the bush. At last I thought I had got him steady; I whipped my gun out of its case and put on my caps, but, before I could take a shot, off went the little rascal. Thinking he would turn again to look at me, I ran on with my gun ready to shoot, when, as ill-luck would have it, I caught my foot in a branch and went head over heels, my two barrels straight into the snow. I shouted to the Indians that they might have the calf if they could catch him. Michael succeeded in hamstringing him, and finishing him off by a knock on the head with his axe, while I set to work to melt the snow out of my gun with my warm hands. It came out like two long wax candles.

## CHAPTER XIII

Return to Canada after long leave of absence—Particular service—London, Canada West—Lake St. Clair—Steeplechase—A deserter—A crafty detective—Toronto—Ordered to West Indies.

ON my return to Canada in 1842 I was employed by Sir Richard Jackson, who had succeeded Sir John Colborne, to travel all along the frontier on the United States side in order to ascertain the state of the sympathisers. I was given letters of introduction to the principal officers of the United States Army, whom I found very civil and ready to prevent any unfriendly movements or feelings against Canada. According to my instructions I went up to Detroit, and then on to Fort Graciot at the bottom of Lake Huron. At the latter place I put up at "The Hotel," a dirty pot-house, full of very wild-looking roughs. After I had gone to bed an old Irishman, who had

waited on me and given me a good deal of information, came up to my room and told me I had better "clear out sharp." I had obtained all the information I required, so I made my escape in a waggon which my friend had procured for me. I heard afterwards that I had got into a regular hornet's nest of sympathisers! I then went and joined my regiment at London, Canada West.

At London I had a merry time. Before the cold weather set in I made a very successful shooting expedition with Lieutenants Newland and Wyndham. We drove the first 70 miles to Chatham in a waggon, then embarked in a large log canoe commonly called a dug-out, taking plenty of provisions and a large waterproof sheet to use as a tent. We paddled down the river Thames by ourselves into the Lake St. Clair, then coasted along to the centre of the great Chatham swamp, where we encamped for twelve days. We got piles of duck of every description, black, gray, pintailed, wood, widgeon, both blue and green winged teal, snipe, etc. The first night we had rather a scare. We had selected the highest

mound of sand we could see, and had cut away a small patch in the high wild rice on it, and made a comfortable camp, having collected plenty of drift-wood for the fire. I was in the act of cooking our dinner when I saw something glittering. I at first thought it was some water I had thrown out of a can, but presently it increased! Newland then went to look out and called to me, "There's water all round us as far as I can see, and it is blowing very hard." We held a council, decided to pack all the things into the canoe, get into it and wait till we were driven away, then take our chance. Wyndham and Newland went to get the canoe, while I secured the provisions and packed up my kettles. To their dismay they found the water had risen so much that the canoe was far away in the rising water! However, they waded in up to their middles and got it up into the camp. We packed the things in her, and made a high pile of the drift-wood, on which Joe Wyndham and I sat back to back. The lot had fallen to Newland to take the first watch, so he was to sit in the canoe and call us if necessary. Joe and I slept soundly. At last

we awoke, it was daylight. We called to our trusty watchman, but the only reply was a deep sonorous snore from the bottom of the canoe! We found the wind had gone down and the water had subsided, so we made a good breakfast and went in search of a more secure camping ground.

The last night before we left the swamp we had a sad adventure. In the middle of the night Newland and I were aroused by somebody kicking, so I jumped up and found poor Wyndham in a bad epileptic fit. We did all the little we could for him, and at length he gradually recovered, but was very sulky. We usually went out shooting separately in the early morning, walking through the high wild rice with the soft black mud above our knees. That last morning we asked Wyndham to let one of us go with him, but he would not hear of it. However, Newland and I came back early to breakfast, being anxious about our friend. We waited for him a long time, but he did not come. At last we walked down to the canoe, determined to go in search of him. Just as we were about to start we heard a splash, splash, splash in



the distance, and guessed it must be him wading back. Before long he made his appearance out of the forest of wild rice with a complete kilt of ducks all round him. We always carried the ducks we shot with their heads tucked over a leather belt we wore round our waists. He had had great sport that morning.

Our large waterproof sheet made a capital



OUR CAMP IN THE SWAMP

camp. One side of it was pegged down over a log of wood, the opposite side was caught up in the centre and supported by two poles that were tied together at the top, forming a triangular entrance, and the sides were pegged down firm to the ground. This gave us plenty of room at the back of the camp for our bundles, while the front being narrow kept us warm and well sheltered.

During our stay in the swamp we had a few visitors. One day, while we were out, a large bear called and partook of some light refreshments, but he did not wait to see us. Some Canadians followed him down from the distant settlements; they did stay, and asked for the ducks we did not want. We were very glad to find some use for them; so off they went to their homes, returning next day with some sacks and plenty of salt, and we gave them as many ducks as they could carry.

At London we had some very good theatricals. I had charge of the theatre and painted the scenes. There were some nice people there, especially the Harrises and Gzowskis. Gzowski was a Polish refugee of distinction, who had established himself in America as an engineer. He was employed in making the first plank road in Upper Canada from Toronto to London. He was an excellent fellow, without whom no party was complete. We had a pack of hounds, and the horses we purchased in the district were first-rate timber jumpers.

In the following spring we had a great military steeple-chase, in which I rode my horse

"Red Indian." The course was made very stiff. We did not care about the timber fences, though they were high enough and lots of them, but the stewards had made a water jump about 8 feet deep and 16 feet wide, with a 4-foot post and rail-fence on the near side. Considering none of our horses had ever tried to jump water before, this was rather a stopper.

The race came off. I reached the fence before the water jump third; there Dick Burnaby and his pretty little thoroughbred "Fanny" went head over heels, so Joe Wyndham on "Ugly Francis" was the only man before me. I saw him go with a beautiful splash into the middle of the water. I raced "Red Indian" at it as hard as he could go, but feeling him give a slight turn I sent in my spurs and gave him two or three sharp cuts with my whip as I came up to the fence. To my great surprise and infinite delight he flew the whole thing like a bird! Wyndham scrambled out and made a gallant attempt to get up to me, but I won easily. Alas! on going to the scales I was found a little light. I got my bridle and did all that was allowed,

but could not fairly turn the scales, so the stewards declared me "distanced"—a great disappointment. However, my friend Joe Wyndham got the stakes; all the other horses went into the ditch.

Later on in 1843 we got orders to go to the West Indies. Very early on the morning of our departure I was awakened with the pleasing intelligence that my soldier-groom, Morley, had deserted on my horse "Red Indian." Another officer's servant was also missing. I was of course obliged to march with my company, but my friend Fisher of the Artillery turned out all his gunners to scour the country around, and I sent off a very clever detective as well in pursuit of the absentees. He soon got on their track, and at length found my beautiful steeple-chase horse, 75 miles from London, struggling in a swamp.

The detective, hearing my man was well ahead of him going towards Windsor, went into Chatham, chartered a small steamer, and guessing that Morley would be making for Detroit in the States, steamed straight for that town, hoping to get before him. But, on his

arrival, he found the deserter had beaten him and was safe in the United States.

The crafty fellow was not to be done yet. He knew my groom had left his wife behind in London, and might want to send something to her, so he told the captain of the steamer to hang on to the landing-place with a single spring and keep up steam. He then put up a notice on the paddle-box, "Will start for Chatham at six." Sure enough the bait took! The soldier went down to the steamer, and seeing the detective on the gangway took him for the captain, and asked if he would take a letter for him over to Chatham and send it on to London. "Oh yes," said he, and after a little conversation invited him to go down to the bar and "liquor up," at the same time giving a signal to the captain. While enjoying their drink the steamer began to move; the soldier was terribly alarmed, but quieted down again on being told they were only going to the next wharf to get some wood, and they went on with their drink. As soon as the steamer had paddled half-way across the river, the detective put his hand on the deserter's shoulder, and

said, "Your name is Morley, of the Royals; we are in British water now, and you are my prisoner!" He was sent to Toronto and tried and convicted of desertion, but I lost my poor horse and an excellent groom.

There was a well-known young billiard player in the 32nd Light Infantry named Bob Campbell. He was also a great acrobat. Master Bob was a very deceptive young gentleman; he looked quite a simple boy at that time, but he knew a thing or two. He often went down on professional (?) trips into the United States, and always returned with his pocket full of dollars.

One day while quartered at Toronto he had been over to Hamilton, and, returning by land, stopped at an inn about half-way. He there fell in with a Yankee clockmaker, who had a waggon full of clocks and a good span of horses. They dined together, and then the clockmaker proposed a game of billiards, considering himself a very good player. Bob consented, saying he was not much of a hand but he would try. Sam Slick won the first game, and thought he could give Bob some

points but didn't. Bob just won the second game by a blundering fluke, so they went on till somehow or other Bob had got all Sam's money in his pocket. The Yankee got very hot about it; he guessed he could beat him easy if it wasn't for the flukes, and he offered to play for his clocks against the money Bob had won. The clocks soon passed over into British possession. They then played for the waggon and the horses. Finally Sam Slick, pluck to the backbone and still confident, staked his broad-brimmed hat and coat. Bob won them, and, putting them on in place of his own, which he presented to his friend Sam, mounted the waggon and drove into barracks in triumph, to the immense amusement of the whole garrison.

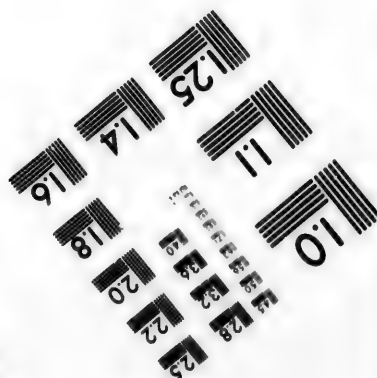
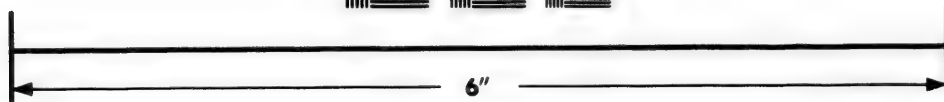
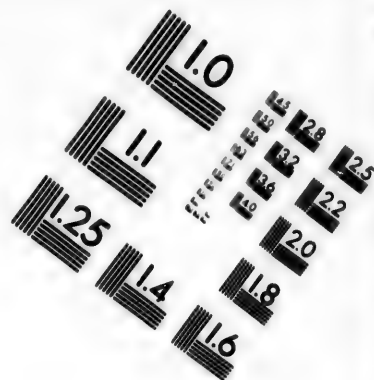
In the course of my wanderings I had to pass through a part of the United States where the roads, at that time, were very rough; in fact, little more than tracks across the plain. I travelled in a large "stage," a heavy vehicle, the body of which was hung on two strong leather straps. It carried nine passengers inside on three seats; the centre seat being very

unstable, the occupants were not unfrequently tossed into the laps of the passengers in front of them, or sent head-over-heels on to those behind them.

One day we came to a good-sized river which we had to cross by a ferry. The boat was a large "scow" or barge, with a rough board deck or platform on it, with some poles lashed along the far side to prevent the coach and horses going overboard when embarking. There was a high bank on the side of the river; the boat was made fast underneath it, but there was no way down nor any wharf.

Our driver, a tall hard-looking Yankee with a broad-brimmed hat, gave us no time to think, but drove straight up to the edge of the bank, hauled in his leaders alongside of the wheelers, and shouted out, "Sit fast, gents." The ground gave way and down we went with a tremendous clatter and crash—earth, coach, horses, passengers, and all—on to the deck of the crazy craft. We rolled and swung about most alarmingly for a few minutes, "Broad Brim" holding on tight by the horses, till at length the boat became more tranquil; he then





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quietly remarked, "Wull, strangers, I guess we've done it this time, last week we went over and there were three men drowned!"

From Toronto we went on to Kingston in a large lake steamer. There we were transhipped into a small high-pressure steamer called a "puffer" and two bateaux or Durham boats, one lashed on each side of her. In this uncomfortable accommodation we proceeded down the St. Lawrence.

We passed through the lake of the thousand islands, shot the Longsault and Cascade rapids, and then arrived at the head of the great Lachine rapid. There we had to join our men in the bateaux, and the captain of the steamer cast us off, not daring to go down this most dangerous channel with us lashed to his sides. Each boat had an Indian pilot. The men had to go below, but the officers sat on deck.

The steamer went first into the fearful turmoil of waters. We followed after, one behind the other. All the pilots could do was to keep the bateaux with their heads straight down the stream, for which purpose

the boats were provided with long rudders ; the roaring rapid took charge of the locomotive department, while we held fast and did nothing but thought a good deal. We whirled down at a terrific pace, sometimes lost to view between the mighty billows, then thrown up in the air with a fine view of the country round. A short distance from the top of the rapid, we passed a bateau laden with barrels of flour that had been wrecked on the rocks the previous day.

We were fortunate enough to get through the rapid and safe to Montreal. There we were again transhipped into one of the large river steamers and proceeded to Quebec.

After a short stay in the Jesuit barracks, our transport arrived. It was an early season ; the winter had set in, and the river was full of ice.

## CHAPTER XIV

Embark in transport *Premier*—Wrecked at Cape Chatte—Landing.

ON Sunday the 29th October I embarked with the headquarters and right wing of the Royal Regiment on board the pretty little transport the *Premier*.

The officers of the Royal Regiment who embarked were—

Major Bennett (commanding), Captain Davenport, Lieutenant and Adjutant Wetherall, Lieutenant Whitmore (acting paymaster), Lieutenant Lysons, Lieutenant Gore, Lieutenant Vansittart, Ensign Waddilove, and Surgeon Dartnell.

The only lady was Mrs. Bennett.

On the 30th we got under weigh and sailed down the St. Lawrence. On the 3rd November at about mid-day we were off Green Island, where the pilot left us. In the afternoon it came on to blow very hard, and at night the

wind increased to a heavy gale from the north, with thick snow. Captain New steered for Point de Monts on the north shore, and when he thought he was abreast of it changed his course to east half south, intending to stand out down the gulf and pass south of Anticosta.

During the night the wind drew round more towards the east, and the snow continued to fall heavily when, at about two or three in the morning of the 4th, the ship struck. The first shock was slight, just enough to awake us, but the second was a tremendous crash that sent Wetherall—who was above me—head over heels out of his berth. We slipped on some clothes and were soon out on deck. The snow was still falling fast, and every sea was breaking over the ship as she crashed and banged upon the rocks.

The captain gave orders for the gun to be fired, but the ship's powder was damp, so I got my powder-flask from my cabin and placed Ensign Waddilove close by the gun, with a lighted cigar in his mouth. After many ineffectual attempts, we at last succeeded in getting the gun to go off, and then continued

to fire at intervals, the cigar proving to be an excellent slow match, though Waddilove did not find its flavour improved by its novel application. We also burned blue lights, but no reply came from any side nor could anything be seen through the darkness of the night.

About an hour after the ship first struck the captain ordered the masts to be cut away, which was soon done with an axe and a meat-saw, all that could be found. The sailors—except the two mates, the carpenter, and one man—had disappeared.

Ned Wetherall and I went below to see how the men were getting on ; we found them quite quiet. The women were sobbing and their children were clinging round them, while husbands were endeavouring to cheer their wives with hopes they could not entertain themselves, but all were quiet and resigned.

After a while, the ship seemed to settle over with a strong list to starboard, and she became more steady. At the same time it was reported that the water was gaining the main-deck.

At length the daylight came, and we could

see through the haze a white line of snow along the shore about half a mile off. A little later we made out two or three huts or houses, which showed us there were inhabitants near.

Our first object was to get a rope on shore, but we found the masts and all the spars floating under the lee side of the ship and attached to her by the rigging, so that it was impossible to launch a boat. It took us a long time to clear away the wreckage, for the deck and fore-castle were covered with ice and all the ropes were frozen. Moreover, the chain rigging, of which there was a good deal, was so jammed that we had great difficulty in getting it clear. When this was done, the first mate tried to get the gig down, but it was dashed to pieces. We then turned the cutter over and got her down on deck; but, as we had no masts or yards from which to hoist her over-board, we had to cut away a part of the bulwarks and then succeeded in launching her into the sea. The first mate and I, with three sailors, lowered ourselves down by a rope into her, and we took a coil of line with us, which was made fast to another line coiled on the





WRECK OF THE TRANSPORT "PREMIER"

deck of the ship. We let go and pulled steadily for the shore, the first mate paying out the line from the stern.

The sea was very high, and we found the tide was running across between the ship and the shore. We soon let out all our line, and, holding fast by it, were swung round broadside on to the sea. We hallooed to those in the ship to pay out, and in another minute we were free. We then got the boat's head round again. We had hardly done so when a huge breaker came towering over her stern, broke into her, and turned her over like a nutshell! I was thrown clear of her and struck out for the shore, each breaker burying me deep in the water. At last I felt the ground under my feet, but the back current was so strong that I could not stand against it, and was carried down to be buried again in the seething water. Again and again this happened, but the fourth time I was washed higher on the beach, and succeeded in holding on till the force of the receding wave had passed me. I then scrambled up the sand. The next breaker caught me, but I was high enough to be able to with-

stand it, and as it receded some Canadians ran down and carried me up into safety, though considerably exhausted. My companions were all saved. The boat was also washed up, but was stove in; and, what was worse, we found the rope was no longer connected with the ship. I learned afterwards that they had got it foul on board, and Wetherall, seeing our dangerous position in the trough of the sea, had cut it adrift with an axe to save us.

I learned from the Canadians that we were in Chatte Bay, and that the ship was on a bank of sand. They said she must have struck on the rocks running out from Cape Chatte, and afterwards have beaten over them and drifted into the bay. They informed me that there were three families there, and some lower down at St. Anne's, but that there was no road or track connecting their settlement with any other place; their only means of communication being in their schooners in the summer, and they were all laid up for the winter.

I asked for the principal inhabitant, when a man named Louis Roy came forward and

told me he was a magistrate. I begged him to collect all the men he could and try to bring some boats over the land to the beach opposite the wreck. He went to work with a will, and by about eleven o'clock he had some thirty men and two large whale-boats ready for work ; but to launch the boats through the surf was evidently impossible, and every effort to send a rope from the ship had failed.

We wrote on a board, "KEEP OUT," then on a larger board, "NO ROCKS, WAIT TILL SEA GOES DOWN." This they made out on the ship with their telescopes.

About mid-day the storm somewhat abated, and the tide being low our friends managed to launch the long boat. Profiting by experience they coiled plenty of rope in her, and had plenty carefully coiled on the deck of the transport. The second mate and four men then pushed off and pulled stern foremost for the shore, keeping the bow of the boat to the sea ; fortunately there was no cross current, and she came straight towards us. As she touched the beach she was capsized, but the men got safe on shore, and we got hold of the line.

We then made fast the rope to the stem of one of the whale-boats, and another, which we had ready coiled on shore, to her stern, and signalled to those on board the wreck to haul out, which they did, and the light boat bounded away over the waves and reached the side of the ship in safety. She was soon loaded with women and children and Ensign Vansittart, with the colours of the regiment. As the sea was still running very high this loading was a matter of difficulty, for at one moment the boat was thrown up nearly level with the deck of the ship, and at the next she fell 10 or 15 feet below it in the hollow of the wave.

Lieutenant Wetherall undertook this work, and effected it in a most successful manner. Two men were first got into the boat, then each woman in succession was made to hang backwards over the side of the ship, holding on by two man ropes, with large Turk's head knots at the ends, one in each hand. Wetherall watched the boat, and as soon as he saw it rise close under the woman he said, "Let go," and she fell into the arms of the two men below.

The children were tied up five or six together in blankets, like dumplings, and lowered into the boat.

The next difficulty was to get this precious cargo on shore. On a signal from the wreck, we hauled on our rope, and the boat, though pretty deep in the water, came gliding towards us, sometimes lost to view and sometimes thrown aloft on the crest of a wave. Still onward she came in safety, till at length, rushing forward on the last breaking billow, she struck on the beach and over she went, sending women, children, colours, Vansittart, and all into the foaming water. In a moment we dashed into the sea, and succeeded in carrying them all safe, but very wet, high on shore.

The Canadians had brought some carts down, and took the wet and shivering creatures off to their cottages to dry and warm themselves. In loading the carts a little difficulty arose, as the women could not be persuaded to take the children as they came when unpacked from the bundles, and sort them at the cottages, but each woman insisted on having her own Bobby or Biddy immediately restored to her.



LANDING TROOPS FROM WRECK

We saw that to prevent the boats being upset as they reached the shore was impossible, so we worked on as we had commenced. After a while we got a second rope from the ship and plied two boats at a time. Later in the day one of the whale-boats was stove in and went down alongside the ship. We then got the heavy long boat to work, and soon after dark our labours were rewarded by seeing every soul safe on shore.

Mrs. Bennett, the wife of Major Bennett, our commanding officer, displayed great heroism, having expressed her wish to be the last woman to go on shore. She was put into the stern cabin, and told to sit there quietly till she was called for. It happened that the rudder had been carried away and remained hanging to the preventer chains. With every succeeding wave the rudder struck violently against the counter of the ship, just under the place where the poor lady was sitting. She was fully persuaded in her mind that it was a rock, and expected every moment to see it crashing through the side of the vessel. Still there she sat without saying a word till she was called.



The sea having gone down, the captain decided to sleep on board his ship that night ; but the naval agent came on shore and insisted on bringing a good deal of baggage, which he called Government stores, but which looked much more like his own cabin furniture. There was one bundle that he was very solicitous about, declaring it was the Government chronometer. One of our youngsters took the liberty of peeping into the bundle as they were crossing a small stream in a boat to Roy's house, and saw that the article in it was certainly crockery, and had a suspicious-looking handle. It became a standing joke in our regiment, and similar articles were ever after called Government chronometers.

I slept that night at Louis Roy's hut, where Major Bennett with his wife and staff had established themselves. Next morning, at the Major's request I started with despatches for Quebec.

## CHAPTER XV

Journey to Quebec—Bring up Royals to Quebec in *Unicorn*—  
Mentioned in despatches—Promoted Captain—New  
York—Voyage home—An honest man.

I LEFT Chatte Bay at eight o'clock on the morning of the 5th November. I had 300 miles to go, the first 75 without any road. Roy shook his head and said I could not do it, others gave me seven or eight days to get up. About 2 miles above Chatte I found the bark *Java*, which had been sailing in company with us the previous day, wrecked on the rocks. Her crew had saved themselves by a rope from the rigging; she was close to the shore. I slept out on the rocks the first night for a short time, and as soon as the moon was well up I went on round the rocky cliffs called by the inhabitants "Les Crapauds." With me I had two boys, who had volunteered to guide me round them. There

was about 6 miles of scrambling over rocks, but I did not find the great difficulties I had been told of. After that I walked on along the shore, which was bad walking over large shingle; but my principal difficulty was getting across the numerous small rivers which were frozen over but not strong enough to bear. I found the best way to cross them was to wade out into the sea where there was usually a bar not very deep. One larger river I found too deep for me; I got in over my middle and then turned back. I then walked the stream into the bush, where I found a tree blown down across it, and by this I got over.

I reached the first settlement, Little Matan, and walked on to Great Matan. There a Mr. Grant put me across the river, and I went to the house of a Mr. Frazer, where I got two or three hours' sleep till the tide went down, as the only road up the St. Lawrence was along the beach at low water.

Very early on the third morning Mr. Grant took me in a light cart round the bays. We got on pretty well, but at all the headlands we had pretty nearly to carry the cart over the rocks.

At the end of about 24 miles we came to the first house in Metis. At a Mr. Brooks's I got some bread and cheese and a sleigh, which took me on 7 miles to Great Metis, where I met Mr. Grant's brother and a Mr. Jenkins, who gave me a note to his wife at Rimouski, and got some men to take me across the river in a small boat. I reached the opposite side just after it got dark, and walked on by myself.

I tried at several cottages to get some conveyance, and at last found a man to take me on in a common wood traineau, with a colt that had never before been in harness. As soon as he was on the road he ran away, but fortunately it was the right way. At the end of about 4 miles we pulled up in front of a farmhouse, where there was a wedding party going on and everybody was more or less drunk. However, I succeeded in persuading a man to bring out his cariole and drive me on to Rimouski, about 24 miles. I arrived there very late at night, and went to Mrs. Jenkins's house. She was extremely kind to me, and gave me some supper and a bed.

I agreed with a Mr. Bourshea to take me on to Rivière-du-Loup for ten dollars, and in the morning as soon as daylight began to appear I went down in his cariole to cross the great Rimouski river, which was very full of ice in large fields. We drove on board the ferry-boat, a flat-bottomed scow, Mr. Bourshea telling me to sit still—that his horse, a fine black animal, was quiet and used to crossing.

The current was strong, but we dodged about round the fields of ice and got across. Just as we were coming up to a rock covered with snow, on which we had to land, the horse took fright and backed over the stern of the scow into the water. I had just time to spring forward and vault into the scow, and then I saw our beautiful horse swimming back across the river to the opposite side, with the sleigh floating behind him. I landed, and sent the driver back after his horse and cariole; it was an hour and a half before he returned, and then his poor horse was so done up he could hardly get along at all.

We reached Bic, then baited, and went on to Caccouna, where I had to hire a fresh horse.

I arrived at Rivière-du-Loup about nine o'clock that evening, got a fresh horse and sleigh, and travelled on through the night. At Rivière Ouelle I changed sleigh again, also at St. Jean, and arrived at Berthier at three o'clock in the afternoon. There I found a small steamer, the *New Liverpool*, just starting for Quebec, so I embarked in her and arrived at my journey's end at eight o'clock,—exactly four days and a half from Cape Chatte.

I drove up at once to General Sir James Hope, commanding at Quebec. I found him at dinner, and Colonel Pritchard, the Assistant Adjutant-General, dining with him; he sent at once for Captain Boxer, the harbour master. The steamer *Unicorn* was still waiting to take her last mail to Halifax; no one could detain her except the Governor-General, and he was at Montreal. We then sent for Captain Douglas, the captain of the *Unicorn*. He was quite willing, but said he could not move without orders from the Postmaster-General, Mr. Stainer; so we sent off for him, but when he arrived he told us he had no power whatever, and was expecting his mails hourly. After a

short conversation, he said, "Gentlemen, I think the best thing I can do is to go home to bed," giving us a significant smile as he went.

Sir James Hope, Boxer, and Douglas then agreed to take the responsibility on their own shoulders, and send the steamer down. The whole town turned out to help us. Blankets, biscuits, pork, etc., were rolled out of the stores into the steamer without requisition, and by three o'clock in the morning I was off again down the St. Lawrence in the *Unicorn*, old Boxer with me. What a sleep I had!

All the day and next night we steamed down the river, and early on the morning of the seventh day from my starting we astonished our friends by firing a gun in Chatte Bay.

In a moment the whole population of the bay was astir. Every boat on the shore and in the ship was called into requisition, and by about four or five o'clock in the afternoon, just as the wind veered round to the north-east again and came on to blow, we got our last load on board, and steamed off for Quebec, leaving Lieutenant Gore and a small party to look

after any property that might be recovered from the ship.

There was a quantity of ice in the river, and a number of schooners beating down to get home for the winter, but we had to crash on under full steam, dark and foggy as it was. Fortunately we only ran into one schooner, and carried off her head-sails, jib-boom, and bowsprit; she, on her part, taking a boat off our sponson and several men's bearskin caps.

We arrived at the Queen's wharf in the evening of the 13th November, and were received by the inhabitants of the town of Quebec and the 68th Light Infantry with the greatest hospitality and kindness.

The following District Order was issued by Sir James Hope:—

ASSISTANT ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,  
QUEBEC, 14th November 1843.

DISTRICT ORDER.

Major-General Sir James Hope has ordered the garrison of Quebec to be assembled, that he may have the satisfaction of personally expressing to the troops by this order his entire and perfect approbation of the admirable conduct of the right wing of the Royal Regiment under the most trying circumstances.



There is no regiment in Her Majesty's service that has more distinguished itself than the Royals have done ; but good conduct in the presence of the enemy is so common an occurrence with British soldiers, when the excitement to gallant conduct is at its height, that the Major-General would not think it necessary to advert to what is now well known. On this occasion, however, the distressing condition of the men during the peril of shipwreck is calculated to call for that cool and resigned intrepidity which has been shown on this occasion ; and nothing proves the credit that is due to the officer in command, and the whole of the officers and non-commissioned officers, more than that such a state of discipline has been established in a corps as to command the confidence of the men under their command in a situation requiring every quality of a brave man.

The Duke of Wellington, in a late circular letter, has shown how greatly he values the discipline and intrepidity that is required on such occasions, and his Grace will, without doubt, duly estimate the conduct of the right wing of the Royal Regiment.

The Major-General is sure that every man who so providentially escaped from the late calamity is fully impressed with the zealous, prompt, and important services rendered to them by Captain Boxer of the navy. At his request Captain Boxer has attended this parade, and the Major-General is happy in having an opportunity of returning him thanks in presence of the garrison, and of stating that to his exertions, aided by the zeal of Captain Douglas of the *Unicorn*, the Royal Regiment owe their escape from the long and dreary winter, passed on an exposed and inclement part of the coast.

This Order is to be entered in the Order-Book, and read at the head of every regiment in the Eastern District of Canada; and the Major-General requests that Major Bennett, who commanded the wing on this occasion with so much ability and credit to himself, will enter the name of every officer and non-commissioned officer present, and will record the journey of 300 miles performed with such perseverance by Lieutenant Lysons.

J. A. HOPE, *Major-General*.

A long report of the wreck, together with this District Order, was sent home to the Duke of Wellington, then Commander-in-Chief, and by return of mail I was promoted to a company in the 3rd West India Regiment. With great regret I bade adieu to my old regiment and friends, and left Quebec for England.

I travelled up to Montreal in a stage-sleigh. The roads on this part of our journey were infamous; every now and then we came to a hundred or two of "cahots" in succession. These were heaps of hard snow formed by the French Canadian "traineaux" or wood sleighs. The country people were so fond of this style of sleigh that for a long time nothing would induce them to make any change. I met numbers of friends there, and was much fêted.

From Montreal I went on in a larger and more commodious stage-sleigh in company with Dr. Dartnell and Mr. Timmings, 82nd Regiment, down into the United States to Albany. There we found the trains still running to New Haven, and we went on by that route.

CANADIAN STAGE SLEIGH GOING OVER CAHOTS



UNITED STATES STAGE SLEIGH

As the snow was very deep we were obliged to have two powerful locomotives, which the Yankees called Bullgines, and a large plough to force our way along. Half-way to New Haven we came up to the people who had started the previous day ; their train had

run off the line, and the passengers had burned nearly all the carriages and wooden fencing they could find to keep themselves from freezing. We took them on with us.

At New Haven we found our steamer, but the ice was thick all across the mouth of the river, and sleighs were driving over on it. Nevertheless, the captain said "he guessed he was going," and so he did. He charged the ice over and over again; the timbers split and cracked, and the floats of the paddles broke and flew all about the place, but at last he did get through. He then sent below to see what water we were making, and, after remarking that he thought he could keep her afloat till we got to New York, away we steamed. Late at night we arrived at our journey's end safe.

We went to Howard's hotel, where we met with great civility. Next morning we went down to the wharf, and took our berths in a fine sailing liner, *The Rochester*, Captain Britain.

A young Scotchman had travelled all the way from Montreal with us, who appeared a very quiet, simple-minded fellow. He followed

us to Howard's hotel and stuck to us everywhere, as if afraid to be left alone, and I saw him on the liner when we took our berths.

On our return to the hotel, he came up very bashfully and confided to me his little story and his woes,—saying he had come out to settle in Canada, had set up a small grocer's shop in Montreal, and had lately married a wife. Seeing advertisements of cheap passages to Liverpool he had come to New York, intending to cross the Atlantic in order to make arrangements for purchasing goods for his business. He had found the advertisements were frauds ; his money was already gone, and he had nothing left to take him on or back ; finally, after much hesitation, he asked me to lend him £25. This was rather a startler for a young man who had precious few pounds to spare, but somehow or other I thought he was an honest man, and I lent him the money. We had a boisterous passage, and I never saw the young Scotchman, who was in the steerage, till the day before we landed, when he came aft to me and said, simply, " I can never forget your kindness to me, sir. Will you please give me

your address for the next two or three days?"

I did so, and he then gave me his name—Gilbert Hazel—and told me his father was Provost of Ayr.

I went to Leamington to see my mother and sister, then to London, where, on my arrival at the Army and Navy Club, I found the following note with a cheque for £25 and interest for one month:—

GLASGOW, 9th April 1844.

Captain Lysons,

SIR—I should have remitted this sooner but, on account of your address going amissing, I forgot where I had placed it.—I remain, your obedient servant,

G. HAZEL.

At any rate there was one honest man in the country.

I went at once to see Lord Fitzroy Somerset. He received me with great kindness, and told me he was sorry there was no other vacancy going at the time but one in the West India Regiment, and that the Duke insisted on a company being sent to me by return of post. He recommended me to join, and trust to him. He kindly gave me letters of introduction to General Middlemore at Barbadoes.

## CHAPTER XVI

Voyage to West Indies—Friends at Barbadoes—Tobago and Grenada.

AFTER my interview with Lord Fitzroy Somerset, I made up my mind to go at once to the West Indies and join my sable corps.

I went down accordingly and embarked on board the steamship *Forth* at Southampton and sailed for Barbadoes. I made great friends with the captain and chief officer of the ship, who were very kind to me, and we had a pleasant voyage, touching at Madeira.

As soon as our ship was anchored off Funchal we were surrounded by boats full of people with things to sell, principally canaries in little bamboo cages, which they sold for a mere song. Both men and women wore curious little pointed caps, that looked like horns, made of cloth. This head-dress was

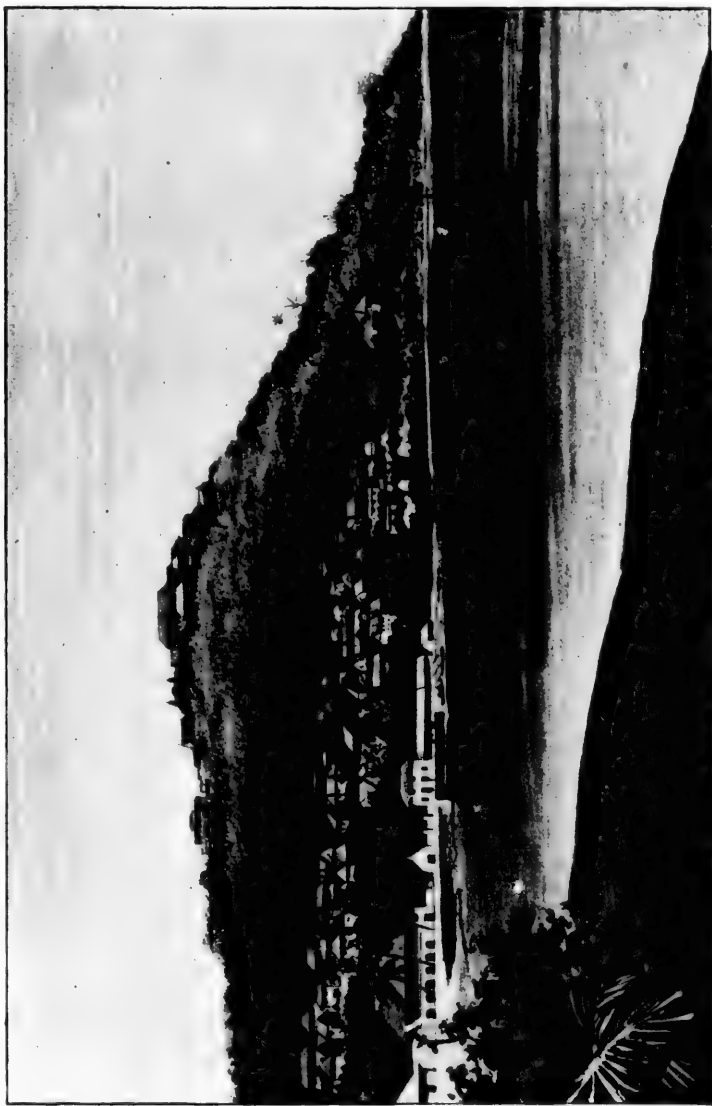
considered so essential that many women, although they had ordinary hats or bonnets, nevertheless managed to stick the little horn somewhere on their heads in addition. I am told that the pretty songsters are no longer to be found in Madeira, and that the picturesque horn has disappeared.

On my arrival at Barbadoes early in May, I was kindly received by my old friends Granville, Willoughby, etc., of the 23rd Royal Welch Fusiliers. The day following my arrival I was sent off in the *Eagle* steamer to take command of the troops at Tobago.

There again I fell amongst friends. Sir Thomas Erskine was in command of a company of the 71st Highland Light Infantry, and Lieutenant Mackie, a charming young gunner, and several other nice officers were in the garrison.

The steamer touched at Courland Bay, at the back of the island. It was a dismal place, full of sharks, pelicans, and gulls. While waiting to go on shore, I was much amused at the pelicans fishing. Every now and then one of them popped his head down, and almost





SCARBOROUGH, TOBAGO

invariably caught a fish, which he held in the middle with the end of his long bill; but he could not swallow the dainty morsel without throwing his beak straight up in the air, opening it, and letting the fish fall into his great bag. The moment he raised his head all the gulls flew at him, and generally succeeded either in taking away the fish or knocking it into the water. The poor pelicans did not get one in ten of their fish, though they were very cunning and full of dodges.

Some little while after I had been at Tobago, Lieutenant Conolly was sent there. He had to land, as I had done, at Courland Bay. He had taken his pony with him, and there were no means of landing it except by slinging it overboard into the water and leaving it to swim on shore; this they had often done before. The captain took the precaution of paddling round the bay first, to frighten away the sharks, then the pony was sent overboard. He struck out gallantly for the shore, but before he got half-way he appeared to be in trouble. A boat was sent to his assistance, but

before he got to the beach a shark had taken off one of his legs.

I found two black companies of my regiment at Tobago, and one of the 71st. I had some curious experiences with my men. It was the custom there for the commanding officer to visit the barracks the first Sunday in every month at the dinner-hour. Accordingly on that day I went, with all the officers, first to my black men's barracks. I found them all standing up at "attention" round their tables, buttoned up to the throat in shell-jackets, with their soup before them in their mess-tins. I was told I was to ask them if the dinners were good. I did so, and by signal from the white Sergeant-Major they answered in chorus, "Yea, yea, yea." I left them to go to the 71st barracks, but when about half-way there I turned back and said to the white Sergeant-Major, "I want to have another look at your men"; on which he got into an awful state of mind, and almost on his knees begged me not to go. However, I persisted, and would not let him go on before me. On entering, what a sight was there! The

forms were knocked over, the men had thrown off their jackets and shirts; they were all on the ground fighting and growling over their dinners like dogs, half the soup thrown about the floor!

On seeing me they all jumped up, and there was terrible consternation. The Sergeant-Major evidently wished there was a big hole somewhere that he could jump into. I said nothing, but simply told a good-looking young corporal and a man to put on their jackets and caps and follow me. We then went on to the 71st. Their room was beautifully arranged, everything in its place and as clean as clean could be. They were eating their dinners on nice white plates, with white bowls for their soup. They had clean shirts on, and their shell-jackets thrown open. By my order they remained seated, and looked the picture of comfort. I talked to them about their rations and quarters, my two black men and white Sergeant-Major standing behind at "attention" all the time, with their eyes very wide open. After complimenting Sir Thomas Erskine on the cleanliness and order of his

company, I turned to my sable gentlemen and said, "You see how Buckra men do?" "Yea, yea, yea." "You go do same." Next time I visited the barracks I found my black men's quarters beautifully clean. The men were all sitting round their tables in clean shirts with their jackets open, eating out of white plates and basins, everything exactly like the 71st, and all looking pleased as Punch, as though it was the best joke they had ever heard of. From that time I could do anything with them, they almost worshipped me; and, years after I left them, I heard they still called themselves the Buckra companies and carried on the same system.

The people of Tobago claim it to have been the original Robinson Crusoe's island, and certainly it answers the description well. The lower end of the island is flat and has a cave in it near the sea, the upper end is high and also has a cave; they are both called Robinson Crusoe's caves. Moreover, you see distant land from it, whence Indians not unfrequently come over in their canoes. This land is "Trinidad."

I took a panorama from our heights, and Sir Thomas Erskine used to sit by me smoking his pipe while I was at work. He always declares to the present day that he drew the best part of the picture.

About six weeks after I arrived at Tobago, I received a letter informing me that I had been transferred to the 23rd Royal Welch Fusiliers, and as soon as an officer was sent to relieve me I went up to join my new corps at Barbadoes. It was a fortunate transfer for me, as it took me amongst friends I had known for some years.

I did not remain long there, for the headquarters of my new regiment were sent to Trinidad, and I was sent on detachment with two companies to Grenada, a beautiful island, but it boasted of very few white inhabitants. We relieved two companies of the 71st Highland Light Infantry. One of their officers remained behind with us, sick with yellow fever. We did all we could for him, but he died the following day. We lost many men afterwards from this dreadful disease, and a good many from pulmonary complaints.

One poor fellow, who was given over by the doctors and supposed to be dead, was measured for his coffin, and the coffin was made. In those hot climates there is no time to be lost. The man, however, disappointed the doctors and recovered. Then came the question, who was to pay for the coffin? It was charged to the man, but he refused to sign his accounts with this charge against him, saying he had not ordered the coffin and did not want it. At last a compromise was arrived at. The man agreed to pay, provided he was allowed to have the coffin; so it was given him, and he stuck it up on end by his bed in his barrack-room, fitted it up with shelves, and kept his things in it all the time we were at Grenada.

One morning I happened to go into the hospital, and found the sergeant and an orderly trying to hold a fine young artilleryman down on his bed. He was raving violently, and was too strong for his attendants, so I had to go to their assistance. The poor fellow was stark naked and as yellow as a guinea. After many days' illness he recovered and

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GRENADA



went to his duty. Shortly after, he had a second attack quite as bad as the first, but, wonderful to relate, he again recovered. He was then invalided home, but after arriving in England the poor fellow died of consumption.

I rode all over the island, usually accompanied by Conolly, and made many sketches. Lieutenant Gallway,<sup>1</sup> Royal Engineers, was my great companion in the artistic line.

After commanding the detachment at Grenada for about three months, I was appointed Brigade-Major at Barbadoes, and went there to take up my duties. I had a charming house on the side of the "savannah," with the garrison theatre at the back of my garden and the racecourse in front of it.

I rode many races, and was very fortunate on a horse named "Highlander," belonging to Captain Wellesley.

The hurricane months in Barbadoes are July, August, and September. Respecting these the "Bims" or Barbadians have a saying :—

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards General Sir Thomas Gallway, Governor of Bermuda.

July—stand by,  
August—you must,  
September—remember  
October—all over !

In my second year at that island we had a small, or as it was called a young, hurricane. The sky became dark and slate-coloured, the morning was heavy, close, and portentous. We felt that something was coming, and we all put up our hurricane-shutters and opened our cellar doors in case of extreme danger. There are glass windows only on the windward side of houses in the West Indies ; on the leeward side there are only venetian blinds, and that is the side on which the shutters are required, as hurricanes always come up from leeward.

We were not long kept in suspense. A very heavy gale soon sprang up from leeward, and the sea ran very high.

Captain Hare of the Royal Fusiliers and I had joined in the purchase of a small yacht, which was anchored in a corner of the bay. All we ever saw of her after the gale was a piece of her keel ! The ships in the bay were all driven ashore, one being driven clean over

the breakwater into the inner harbour. It did not, however, turn out to be a really bad hurricane.

In the afternoon I went down to the seashore. The big waves were breaking heavily on the beach, and, curiously enough, in the hollows between them there were numbers of golden plover flying up to the island, keeping pace with the roll of the water. As each wave broke on the beach, it discharged its cargo of plover; poor little things, they lighted on the sand so exhausted that you could run up and catch them in your hand. They, however, were so thin as not to be worth having, so we let them all go to fatten themselves; after which for many weeks they afforded great sport to the sportsmen of the garrison, becoming very wild and difficult to get.

Lieutenant Peregrine Phillips of the Royal Welch Fusiliers, having been ordered home to England, came up to Barbadoes to wait for his ship, and stayed with me. He had collected a number of curious animals to take home, among them a large baboon, a handsome

macaw, a very fine sloth, an electric eel, an armadillo, a small deer, some parrots, etc.

One day we had been bottling off a quarter-cask of "Fusilier" punch, and had emptied out the thick bottom of the punch into a tub and left it on the verandah. The unfortunate baboon got at the delicious beverage, and not having taken "the pledge" exceeded considerably. When we came home we found him lying hopelessly drunk. Next morning he was very bad, and we had to tie a wet handkerchief round his head and nurse him like a baby.

I could not get Phillips to make any preparations for embarking his menagerie; consequently when the ship arrived I had to take him and his animals out to her loose in an open boat. I took the big baboon on my lap, Phillips had the macaw on his hand, his servant had charge of a few parrots, the eel was in a bucket at our feet, and all the other creatures were knocking about in the bottom of the boat. Just as we were approaching the ship, the macaw took fright and flew away; in getting on to the companion ladder the baboon managed to tumble into the water,

but was fortunately saved. The boat rowed off vigorously after the macaw, but the poor thing got tired before it reached the shore and was drowned.

We carried all the menagerie down into Perry Phillip's cabin, and I left him sitting with the half-drowned baboon wrapped up in a blanket on his lap, the motionless sloth in his berth, the electric eel very lively in his wash-hand basin, half a dozen parrots flying about, screaming violently, and the armadillo crawling about the floor inspecting the dead corpse of the macaw.

On the 24th September 1846 I got a short leave of absence, and went all round the Windward and Leeward Islands in the *Trent* and *Eagle* steamers. At St. Vincent I met Major Yea and Captain Pack of the 7th Royal Fusiliers, with whom I was so closely associated a few years later in the Crimea. At the other islands I met many friends.

One day while I was at Barbadoes, a foreign man-of-war came into the bay. She fired a salute and anchored. Our battery of Artillery went down to the pier and returned the salute.

Soon afterwards an officer came on shore in full uniform, and complained that we had fired only twenty guns, and that his captain considered it an insult to his flag! I sent for the Artillery officer in charge of the battery, who declared he had fired twenty-one, and it was impossible there could be a mistake. However the foreigner was not satisfied, so we agreed to fire one more round. Accordingly the battery went down again next morning at the appointed time and bang went one gun! The foreigner was appeased.

## CHAPTER XVII

Voyage to Halifax—Salmon fishing—Curing a doctor of hydrophobia—Moose and cariboo shooting.

On the 17th March 1847 the Royal Welch Fusiliers left the West Indies and sailed for Halifax. I accompanied them. We went up in the *Herefordshire*, a fine old East India-man. Our captain, Richardson, was a very jolly fellow, and sang beautifully. We had a very fair time of it, barring a heavy gale off Bermuda, reaching Halifax on the 2nd April, where we found the ground covered with snow.

My principal amusements at Nova Scotia were salmon fishing in the summer, and moose and cariboo hunting in the winter.

Our surgeon, Dr. Bradford, was a great friend of mine in the regiment, but he had an intense dread of the water, and ridiculed my

sporting propensities. One day he was induced to go with a captain of the 7th Fusiliers to a river not far off in his schooner yacht, and was left near the mouth of a little river, with a rod to dabble about for sea trout, while the rest of the party went up for salmon. By some accident, Bradford got hold of a small salmon which he was fortunate enough to land. The party came back in the evening with no fish, and all, including Bradford, returned in the boat to the yacht, the captain chaffing the doctor, who only showed them two or three trout the length of his finger. When they got on board, the fish were thrown up on the deck, but Bradford, counting them, said, "I think there is one more." The boatman, who was in the plot, then looked under some green branches that were in the bottom of the boat, and, to the astonishment of the great piscatores, produced a beautiful, fresh-run, silvery salmon. From that moment the little doctor became an inveterate sportsman, and I never went out by sea or land without him.

I often went to a nice little stream, Hemlough's river, so called from the only man living



on its banks. It was only about 9 miles from Halifax : it was very small, but it spread out here and there into lakes. The salmon were not large but plentiful ; the best one I caught there weighed sixteen pounds, and he gave me some sport.

In a very narrow part of the stream, between a small lake and the lower fall, which fell into the salt-water estuary, I thought I saw something move. The trees were hanging thick over the water on both sides, and the stream was full of rough slippery rocks. I went a little way up, and then waded down the middle of the little river. I could not throw for the branches, so I jerked my line in, and wriggled my fly down to where I thought I saw the rise, when up came a fine salmon with a great flop. I had him firm, but he gave me no time to think, and made tracks at once down stream. All I could do was to follow him. It was no easy task ; the stream was strong and the rocks were slippery, moreover, I could not raise my rod for the boughs of the trees. I tumbled down in the water half a dozen times, rod and all, but at length reached an open

space just above the fall. There I got up my rod and had an everlasting fine fight with my fish. Finding he was getting rather the worst of it, he turned tail and down he went over the fall into the salt water, but to my joy I found he was still firm on. He seemed all the better for the salt water, and started straight off down the fjord for the Atlantic. I began to look anxiously at the small quantity of line I had left on my reel, when I felt him relax his speed. I got him round and reeled him up again, but he was not done yet and tried several more sea voyages before I landed him. At last, however, I persuaded him to come into a nice little nook, and Hemlough gaffed him. He was a beautiful fresh-run salmon, like silver, sixteen pounds weight. It made old Bradford's mouth water.

I made several trips to the Musquedoboit, and had fair sport, getting seven salmon one time and five another. Bradford, too, got several. With one fish I had a little adventure. I hooked him in a very small pool, or hole, in the middle of a great rapid, at the bottom of which was a high cliff jutting

out into the stream. The first thing my salmon did was to run straight down the rapid, my line flying away round the edge of the rock. I tried wading, but the water was too deep. Then I scrambled along a little ledge in the rock, but that came to an end, and my line also was nearly at an end. There was no time to be lost, so I threw myself into the water and struck out with one arm, holding the rod with the other. The swift stream whirled me round the cliff, but I got on shore again in the eddy below, and ran down the bank of the stream, reeling up as I went. I landed my fish safe just below the bridge.

Many years after, in 1872, a gentleman sent me the following cutting from a newspaper, which, though not quite correct, is not far from it:—

“The Musquedoboit is also, in spite of poaching, a very fair salmon river, and the inhabitants still tell the story how General Lysons—then an officer of the Welch Fusiliers—Colonel, I think,—having hooked a large salmon above the bridge, when the river was in full torrent, killed his fish, which had run

out his line and gone down stream, by taking the water, and swimming through the rapids and under the bridge, having regained his footing when nearly at the sea—a by no means easy feat."

I was a Captain at the time.

One night I took old Bradford down the harbour in my skiff to spear lobsters by torch-light. It was curious sport. The bottom near MacNabb's Island was beautiful, smooth, white sand, and we could see the big lobsters crawling about by the light of a red-cedar torch, which we fastened over the bow of the boat. When we lowered our spears towards them, they put up their claws and showed fight. We then had dexterously to thrust our spears down just behind their forearms, and bring them up with their legs and claws sprawling about and throw them into the bottom of the boat. That night we caught a lot of very large ones. The spears did not go through them; they were made of two springy pieces of wood that caught them on each side of their backs.

Rowing back again up to Halifax, Bradford offered to take the oars. At first he did very

well, but after a while, getting too confident, he caught a crab, and over he went backwards all amongst the lobsters! His cries were dreadful. I rushed to his rescue and pulled him up with a number of the great black-looking things hanging all over him—to his ears, head, and tail. It was some time before I could get them all off.

I also went to the Gold river with Dr. Henry and his sons. We put up at the village about a mile from the river, where we had good sport, but the salmon were small; seldom over twelve pounds though lively. While we were there Crew Reid came down in his schooner yacht from Halifax with a party. In order to be certain of having all the good sport, they came up and encamped opposite the great pool in the evening.

This was rather a checkmate for us. However, I thought I had still another move. Two hours before daylight I was off to the river with my rod over my shoulder. I went down to the house of my Indian, awoke him, and then we walked silently up through the bush to the enemies' camp. They were all asleep.

but I knew there was a dog with them, so we went round and crawled quietly along the grassy bank of the river. I then commenced fishing on my knees and soon hooked a good fish. I landed him all right and then tried again, but got no more rises ; so we crept off to another pool and there got another fish. By the time we passed down again to the camp, my friends (?) were all getting up and talking of the great sport they were going to have, and how nicely they had done us. They were rather surprised when we made our appearance and showed them our two fine fish.

In the winter of 1847-48, I went out with Lieutenant Raynes of the Royal Welch Fusiliers in search of moose and cariboo. The winter shooting there is very different from the hunting in Canada. There is not sufficient snow for running down the moose,<sup>1</sup> so we had to stalk them, which is difficult work in the thick bush, for they are apt to hear or smell you before you see them. The cariboo are usually found in large herds in

<sup>1</sup> Killing moose in February and March has since then been prohibited in Canada.

open barrens; they are very shy and difficult to get at.

One day we came on the track of some cariboo and followed it to the edge of a large barren. We could see in the distance a great number of deer. In order to approach them up-wind we had to go a long way round in the bush. Having determined my line of advance, and selected my deer, we all took off our snow-shoes for fear the click of one against the other might be heard. I then crawled on, followed by my Indian. After going some distance we came to a hollow running across the plain at right angles to our line of advance. Cautiously looking along it, we saw to our left several does. Here was a difficulty. The large buck I had selected to stalk was some way beyond the hollow. We knew if these does saw us, the whole herd would be off in a moment. We determined to lie down in the snow and burrow along in it.

I had not gone far when my Indian gave me a quiet tap on the foot from behind, and pointed to my right front. I looked up very

cautiously and saw a magnificent cariboo browsing round a rock not 100 yards from me. I soon had my gun out of its case, and fired. My Indian persuaded me to give him a second shot. I foolishly did so. A minute after the whole herd galloped across in front of us before I could reload. Raynes got one, and his Indian, who took his gun and ran across the barren, got another. I also shot five fine moose during that trip.

The cariboo's head I shot is now put up in my house in London.



INDIAN WIGWAMS NEAR HALIFAX



## CHAPTER XVIII

Still at Halifax—Two singular stories—The sweet waters of Halifax—Voyage to England—Winchester—Lord Frederick Fitz-Clarence—Preparations for Crimean War.

AT Halifax I had two very singular experiences. The circumstances connected with the first redound so much to the credit of all the parties concerned, that I do not hesitate to give the names.

One day Captain Evans came to me boiling over with wrath and indignation. He said he had been grossly insulted by Captain Harvey, the Governor's son, and begged me to act as his friend. I agreed, provided he promised to do exactly as I told him. He consented.

I called on Captain Harvey's friend, Captain Bourke, and we agreed to abide by the Duke of Wellington's order about duelling, which had just then been promulgated at Halifax. We carried out our intention as follows :—We made

each of our principals write out his own version of what had occurred. We then chose an umpire. We selected Colonel Horn, of the 20th Regiment, a clear-headed and much-respected officer. With his approval we sent him the two statements, and he directed us to come to his house the following morning with our principals.

At the appointed time we arrived and were shown into the dining-room. We bowed formally to each other across the table, and awaited the appearance of our referee.

Colonel Horn soon entered, and addressing our principals, said, "Gentlemen, in the first place, I must thank you for having made my duty so light. Nothing could be more open, generous, or gentlemanlike than your statements. The best advice I can give you is that you shake hands and forget the occurrence has ever happened." They at once walked up to each other and shook hands cordially. They were the best of friends ever after.

This was, I believe, the first case that occurred of a settlement, on the Duke of

Wellington's system, of an affair of honour. Poor Evans was afterwards killed at the battle of the Alma.

My second experience was more complicated, and rivalled anything I have seen on the stage. I will not mention names, though in the long run credit did redound to all who were concerned.

One morning I was sitting in my room on the ground-floor of my house at Halifax, when suddenly a lady rushed in in a fearful state of perturbation. For some time—what with crying, sobbing, and hysterics—I could not make out what was the matter. At last she quieted down a little, and confided to me her dismal story, though somewhat confused and disconnected. "Husband had left her—poor dear children deserted—she had flown from the house—would blow his brains out—raving about the streets after a young captain——" Oh! now I began to understand.

While this was going on I heard a violent ringing at the door. I had just time to push the lady into my back room, when in ran the young captain. "I say, Dan, I've got into a

fearful scrape. There's that fellow — tearing about the place swearing he'll shoot me." I got him to tell me honestly what had really happened, and I found that after all it was not so very bad.

While I was still concerting measures with him I caught sight of the infuriated husband passing my window and coming to my door. There was no time to be lost. I bundled my young captain upstairs, and told him to go into the first room he found and lock the door.

In another moment the infuriated gentleman was shown in. Here was a precious kettle of fish! When he entered I was busily engaged with the *mess accounts*. He at once burst forth with a tremendous tirade of "rascally scoundrels, faithless wives, blowing out brains, etc." Of course I knew nothing about it. I let him go on till he was pretty well blown, and then asked a few questions, each of which produced a violent explosion. However, by degrees he cooled down a little, and we got on more rational terms. I asked him if he had spoken to any

one else. He thought not. I begged him not to say a word to any one, but to go away into the country at once, and not return till the following afternoon, and then come straight to my house. After a while he agreed to this, and I saw him out of my house and safe away round the corner of the street.

I then went in to see my poor lady, who had heard her husband's voice, and was trembling violently. I gave her a glass of wine, told her to lock the door inside and wait quietly till I returned, and comforted her by saying I hoped it would come all right again.

Then I went up to my third client, and after getting one or two more assurances from him, I sent him home and told him not to move out of his quarters till he heard from me.

Having got my three parties safe for the moment, I went off to the gentleman's house and asked for him. The servant said he had been home, and taking a small carpet-bag had gone away, saying he would not be back again for a day or two. I then asked for the lady,

and he told me she had gone to spend the day out with somebody. He thought she would be home soon. This was all capital, if the infuriated did not explode again and come back.

I returned to my house and told the lady what I had done, then sent her home to her little children, and desired her not to say a word to any one; but if any one called, to receive them as usual as if nothing had happened, and leave the rest to me. She promised me she would.

From what I had gathered from all three I was convinced that no harm had been done. It was simply a case of a pretty woman who danced very well, a gay Lothario of a captain, and a jealous, hot-headed husband. I soon discovered that both husband and wife were devoted to their children, who were sweet little dots. Here was a capital fulcrum for my lever.

Next day my infuriated arrived, much more reasonable. I got him to promise that he would go back to his wife and children, who, I said, were longing to see him at tea. But

the very mention of the name of the gay Lothario caused a tremendous explosion of fireworks; he was still thirsting for his blood. I saw it would never be safe for them to meet, so I persuaded the young captain's commanding officer to grant him leave of absence to go home to England by the next steamer, and they never met again.

My poor Lothario captain, as fine a fellow as ever stepped, was killed at the battle of the Alma gallantly leading his company. The lady and her infuriated husband and children (then grown up) I heard of many years after, living most happily together at home. The *esclandre* never got wind in Halifax.

Not far from my house at Halifax there was a well which was celebrated for the excellence of its water. Everybody within reach resorted to it for their supply—I and my friend Dr. Bradford, who lived with me during the latter part of the time I was there, amongst the number.

One fine morning an old woman managed to drop her bucket into the well and it sank,

so she went off and got a grappling-iron in order to fish for it. She dragged about for some time, but could not get her bucket. At last she got hold of something heavy, and was obliged to call a man to help her pull it up. When it came to the top, what should it be but a dead soldier. He turned out to be a man of our regiment who was supposed to have deserted several months before, and had been struck off the strength of the corps in the usual manner. Few people ever came to the well for water after that.

On the 16th September 1848 I sailed from Halifax with the Royal Welch Fusiliers in the *Java*, hired troopship. We had a fair passage, and arrived at Spithead on the 5th October. The following day we went into the dockyard wharf, and on the 7th we disembarked and went to Winchester, where we were quartered for nearly two years.

Captain Campbell and I were employed in teaching the non-commissioned officers and men to construct field-works, gabions, fascines, etc. Lord Frederick Fitz-Clarence took great interest in the work of the regiment.



In June I was appointed Town-Mayor at Portsmouth, where I wrote a system of encamping and cooking for Lord Frederick, which came out in his book afterwards. In July I was promoted Major by purchase, and returned to my regiment.

I had two good horses—"Bob," who went all through the Crimean War with me, and a thoroughbred, "The Cub." On these I had a great deal of hunting. In January I accepted an invitation to stay at Oakley Hall (with Mr. Beach), where I met a charming party, and we had some good theatricals. I was well acquainted with Lady Doughty of Tichborne Park, and met Roger Tichborne there. At that time he was a complete Frenchman and could speak very little English. I remember sitting by him at dinner and conversing with him in French.

From Winchester we went to Plymouth, where we found ourselves amongst most hospitable friends. I hired a small cutter yacht, the *Red Rover*, about 16 tons, and joined in many jolly picnic parties with her. Mr. Radcliffe, in his *Warleigh* yacht, usually came

with us, and Mr. Hall Parlby and his merry party from Manadon; the Misses Archer, Miss Kate Barton, Miss Praed, and many others were always with us.

I went up in my yacht to the Solent for the regattas, and was present at the great *America* match. My recollection of it is very different from the account recently given in an American paper. I sailed in the *America* afterwards when she belonged to Lord de Blaquiere, and I often sailed in the *Arrow* with Mr. Chamberlain.

Writing of Lord de Blaquiere brings to my mind a sad memory. One evening I was sitting at dinner with my mother and sister, who were staying at Plymouth, when I received a letter from him asking me to go and see him on board the ship *Brilliant*, lying at anchor off the pier. He had brought home in her the remains of his wife, who had died at Madeira.

Of course I went off to him at once, and sat with him on board the beautiful brig *Brilliant* till a late hour.

Next morning, after making some arrange-

ments for de Blaquiere, I went off to the brig, and accompanied him, with the remains of his wife, to the railway station, and saw him off by the train. De Blaquiere, with the coffin covered by a new Union Jack, went in one boat to the shore, the captain of the brig and I followed in a second. The sailors carried the coffin to the station and showed a great deal of good feeling.

From Plymouth the regiment went to Liverpool and Chester, with a detachment at the Isle of Man. I was at first stationed at the former in command of a detachment of four companies. Afterwards, Colonel Torrens having been sent on special service, I went to Chester and took command of the regiment.

Her Majesty the Queen visited Liverpool, and I had three guards of honour under my command at different places, but only one band and one goat, the gift of Her Majesty to the regiment. As soon as I had given my royal salute at one place I had to take a short cut and hurry away to the next, with the band

and goat. Fortunately Billy behaved remarkably well. The vast mob were very good-humoured and much interested to get us along. I believe, if it had been necessary, they would have carried Billy. However, we were always in time with the goat, colour, band, and all complete, much to the amusement of the young Princes, who looked out for him at each guard and were evidently much pleased to see Billy always at his post.

On the 21st May 1853 I left Chester, and went in command of the Headquarter Division of the regiment to Parkhurst barracks, Isle of Wight, where the battalion was brought together. I then handed it over to Lieutenant-Colonel Crutchley, who had been promoted vice Colonel Torrens, appointed Assistant Quartermaster-General at the Horse Guards.

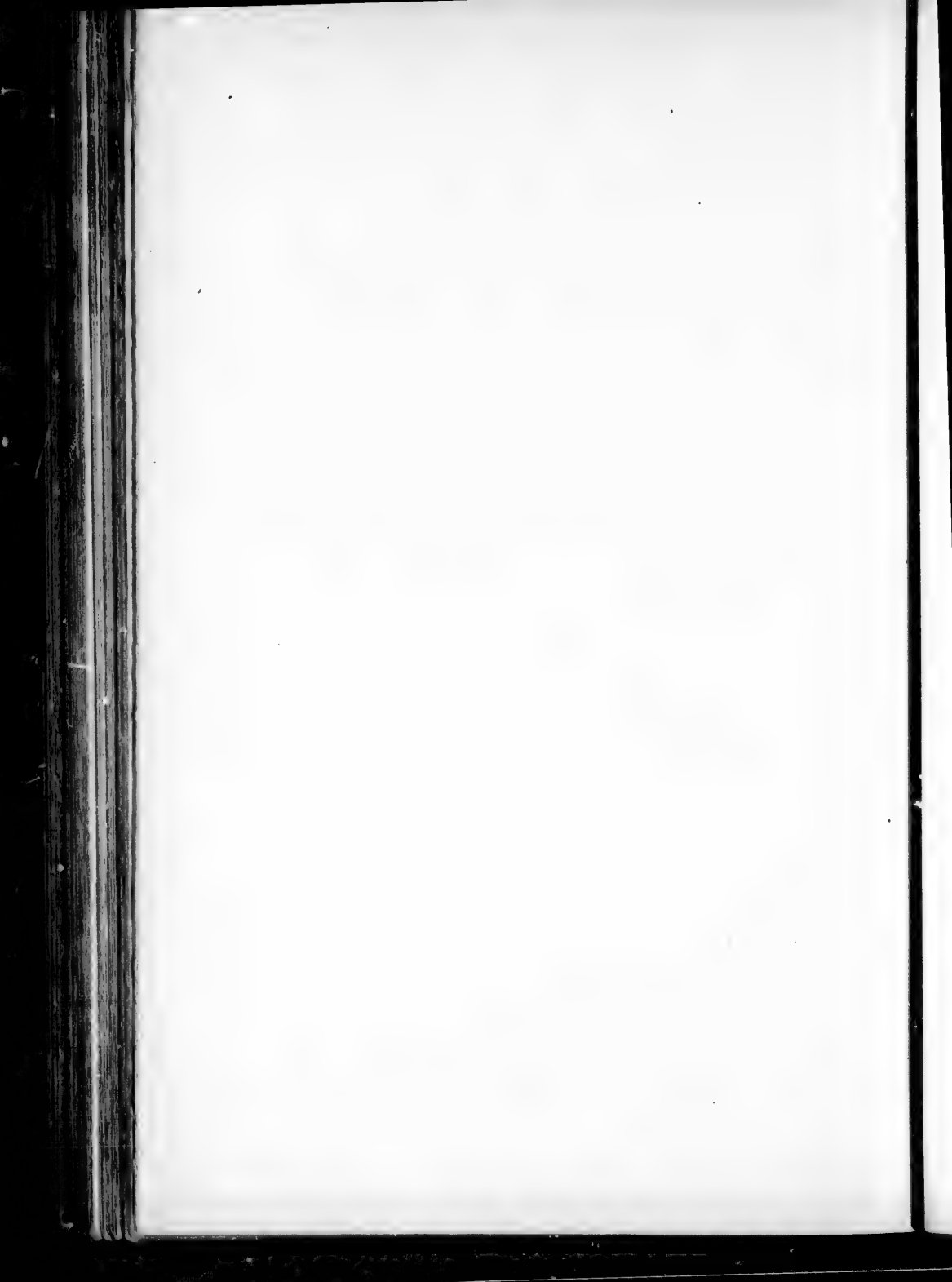
Soon after this the reserve battalion, under Colonel Chester, was brought home from Canada and amalgamated with the first battalion. This made the regiment up to about 1200 strong, a splendid battalion ; but we were ordered to get rid of the men any way we

could and reduce it down to 800. Of course we did not send away our good men.

I was frequently employed while in England as officiating Deputy Judge-Advocate-General at general courts-martial. On one occasion Lieutenant-Colonel Buller, C.B., Rifle Brigade, was President. He afterwards commanded the Second Brigade of the Light Division of our army in Bulgaria. On another occasion Colonel Love, afterwards General Sir Frederick Love, Inspector-General of Infantry, was President; and on a third occasion Colonel Simpson, who afterwards became General Sir James Simpson, commanding the British Army in the Crimea, was President. And, curiously enough, Colonel Codrington, who succeeded him in command of the army, came down to Weedon, where the court was held, to defend one of the prisoners who was acquitted.

We had completed the reduction of the regiment's books and file, before we were suddenly ordered to prepare for war. We were then moved over to Portsmouth to be ready for embarkation.

The events of the two following years of my life have been described in my Letters from the Crimea, which were kindly received by the public under the title of *The Crimean War from First to Last*.



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